

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF
AMERICAN LIFE
IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

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Bob put the toe of his shoe to the door and swung it back . . . Then he stood still in astonishment

DRAWN BY EMLYN MCCONNELL



IN answer to Bob's call Lewis reluctantly dismissed his customer and joined his companion at the barn.

"Get up to that bulletin board," Bob said, "and write what I read to you. Luckily I kept a second list in my notebook. When we're done we'll straighten out these tickets."

"Geewhillikins!" gasped Lewis. "This is worse than the gas pump. Was it George?"

"Yes, it was George. How funny do you think practical jokes are now?"

"I'll take the hide off him," declared Lewis.

"I've attended to that. Get a move on you. We'll have to let the pump rest, for we must straighten this mess out before people come for their cars."

As Bob dictated Lewis rewrote the numbers on the bulletin board. Having finished that work, they began to change the confused numbers on the automobiles, but before they had changed many they heard a footstep outside. Bob looked out.

"I want my car," said a man who was standing there and handed a ticket to Bob. "Number thirty-three. I'm in a hurry."

Lewis retired to the telephone booth. "There's the number over there," suggested the newcomer, "but it isn't on my car. See here, what's the idea? I don't drive a Cadolincol to have it change into a flivver!"

With an effort Bob laughed. "Somebody got a little funny with our numbers, but our schedule is all right. Car number thirty-three stands on space eight and is a Cadolincol with license number 12-216. There, does that look like your car?"

"That's it," replied the owner, somewhat mollified. "But what's the use of having numbers if you can't keep them in their places?"

"They're going back into their places," Bob answered. "Fortunately, I kept this schedule to check with."

"Good plan. Do you do this work every year?"

"No, I thought of it just this year. I need money and know something about cars."

"You do, hey?" asked the stranger. "I'm looking for that kind of fellow. My name is Calhoun. I've a garage in Stanbrook. I'll give you a steady job if you want one."

"Thank you," Bob replied, "but I

don't want to go so far away. I'm after a job that will let me sleep at home."

"Farming?"

"No; I'm thinking of starting a daily express between Danport and Bridgebury."

"Have you got your car?"

"Not yet."

"Then I have just what you want. It's standing in my garage—a Stanhope truck."

"I don't aspire to a truck," Bob replied and laughed. "I'll have to start with a delivery car."

Mr. Calhoun shook his head. "Don't do it. You can't carry enough to make the business pay. The Stanhope truck is just what you want; it's light, durable and medium-sized, and this special Stanhope is the bargain of the year. It's in perfect condition and hasn't been driven two thousand miles. You can get it for a thousand dollars."

"Whew!" Bob whistled. "What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing; the man who bought it failed, and it was turned in for a quick sale. If you want it, you'll have to jump for it."

"I want it, but I haven't money enough to buy it."

"You can borrow the money."

Bob laughed again. "I'm not going into business that end to. I'll earn my money before I spend it."

"That's a pretty good idea," said Mr. Calhoun as he stepped into his automobile, "but

at the same time I'd like to see you own the truck. It's a bargain you won't strike again, and I think you're going to be successful. The truck won't be sold today. If you change your mind telephone me before nine o'clock tomorrow morning. Here's my card."

"Thank you," said Bob.

Mr. Calhoun backed out his automobile. "Somebody has a brand-new Hycomobile," he remarked.

"It's Mr. Bonner's."

"Bonner's, eh? Well, he can afford it. He makes them and money at the same time. Queer chap; he'll give ten thousand dollars to the Red Cross, say, and sue you for ten cents if you owe it to him. But he's honest, and he knows automobiles. Is that your gas tank down the road?"

"It's ours, but it won't work."

"Come down with me, and I'll warrant I'll start it for you."

"That would be worth almost as much as the truck," declared Bob gratefully. "I'll send my partner down while I straighten out here. He's in charge of the gas. Lew!"

Lewis came at the call.

"Mr. Calhoun is good enough to take a look at the pump," Bob told him. "Go on with him, and if it straightens out scoot over to the grounds and see your steers and get back for the rush hour."

"Shan't I run and call George?" Lewis asked. "You'll be all alone here if I don't."

"My own company is as good as George's," Bob replied. "I'd rather straighten this mess out alone."

"Good luck then," said Mr. Calhoun, laughing. "I'm going over toward Bridgebury. If I'm not too late, I'll stop on my way back and see whether you've changed your mind about the truck. Come on, young fellow, we'll tackle that gas."

He carried Lewis down to the tank, and after a few minutes' investigation they discovered the plug that George had inserted.

"That looks as if it were done on purpose. Who's the enemy to this plant?"

"It's my partner's kid cousin, who's mad because we wouldn't let him into the scheme," Lewis explained. "We never guessed

he had anything to do with this thing. We couldn't find out what was the matter with the pump, and when my partner went back to the barn for a wrench he ran into that other mess."

"I'd advise you to keep that kid cousin locked up till the show is over," said Mr. Calhoun. "There's no knowing what he'll do next."

"We'll keep an eye on him," Lewis answered, "though I guess he's done his worst."

But George's worst was still to come. Bob, left alone, went to work at his task of putting things into proper shape. He stopped only once to look down the road to see that the pump was working properly and was replenishing Mr. Calhoun's automobile for its run. He saw Mr. Calhoun depart and saw Lewis race across the meadow toward the fairgrounds.

Bob was just finishing his work when Uncle Joe and Aunt Lida came busting up the lane. "You're back early!" Bob exclaimed. "Isn't the fair any good?"

"The fair's all right," answered Uncle Joe, "but when Lewis Martin told me of the tricks George has been playing on you I came back to settle his hash, and your aunt trailed along so I wouldn't settle it too much, I guess."

"I came to see if I could help you tidy up," said Aunt Lida, "but I see you've done it all yourself. I'm real sorry, Bob, that George hindered you so."

"That's a mild statement, Aunt Lida," said Bob, laughing. "And Uncle Joe needn't worry; George deserved a good licking, and he surely got it."

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"Hope it'll do him good," said Uncle Joe. "Some one's got to take him in hand; we've spoiled him too long."

"I wish I knew," said Aunt Lida, leaning against the running board of Mr. Bonner's car.

"Don't do that!" Bob cautioned her. "You'll get your dress dusty. There's a crate round somewhere. Oh, I know, it's down cellar. If you'll give me a hand up again, Uncle Joe, I'll get it."

He flung back the trapdoor and, dropping through the opening, tossed the crate up. Then with the help of his uncle he squirmed to the floor of the barn again. Spreading his coat over the crate, he nodded to his aunt.

"I've been thinking about George all the afternoon," Aunt Lida said as she sat down, "and I think I begin to see where we're wrong; we're treating him like a little boy, and he's getting to be a man."

"Can't say that's visible to the naked eye," said Uncle Joe.

"He is, though," Aunt Lida continued. "Our treatment riles him, and the only way he knows how to make people see he's riled is to be ugly. Now the first thing we can do is to change our estimate of him, and we'll do it, won't we?"

"It won't be easy," said Bob rather grudgingly. "I can't think of him as a man while he acts like a kid."

"We can do it if we try," replied Aunt Lida. "And it's your responsibility, Robert, more than anybody else's."

"Mine!" exclaimed Bob.

"Yes; I've been thinking," Aunt Lida continued, "and that's the second thing I've found out. You've got to do different with George, and you will because you're my responsible Robert, and because—"

"Oh, don't make me responsible for George," pleaded Bob.

"And because," Aunt Lida went on as if no one had interrupted her, "you're the one he admires and cares more for than anybody else."

"Me?" cried Bob. "He hates me!"

"He doesn't. He's fond of you, but you care for Lewis and despise George and let him see that you do! That's what riles him so. And because he feels bad he hits out and tries to hurt you as much as you hurt him. He's jealous of Lewis Martin, you see, and that makes him worse."

"O Aunt Lida!" Bob exclaimed incredulously.

"I know I'm right! I've been blind because I thought I was rocking a cradle when all the time there wasn't any baby. But once my eyes are open I can see plain enough. It isn't too late to correct our mistake. I'll do my part, and your uncle will do his, and you'll do yours. And your part will be the biggest of all." Aunt Lida rose. "Begin by looking for something to like in George instead of looking for something to despise."

"But I can't think of a decent thing he has done except to own up to Manning."

"That's one thing, and it shows he isn't all bad. I feel real relieved, Robert," Aunt Lida added as she walked away.

Bob sat down on the empty crate and dropped his chin into his palms. He didn't feel relieved at all; he would have to do a good deal of thinking before he could change his attitude toward George.

"I suppose she's right," he concluded after he had been silent for perhaps ten minutes. "She usually is. We all have treated George like a kid, and of course he resents it; and yet he isn't grown up enough to know how to make us feel that he resents it except by keeping us all in hot water. I surely wouldn't like it if Uncle Joe treated me the way I treat George; and if he does like me, of course it would stir him up to have me laugh when Lew teases him. I don't believe he does, but I don't see any other way to begin except to act as if he did. I'll have to puzzle over it for a while—Hello, there's a motor cycle coming on the run!"

Bob sprang to his feet as Mr. Manning sped into the barnyard.

"Hello," said Bob. "What's up?"

Mr. Manning glanced about. "Alone, are you? I'm on the lookout for our friend Jordan. I caught a glimpse of him at the fair a few minutes ago, I think, and then he disappeared. I remembered that you'd said you'd told him about your parking station, and I took a chance on his coming over here. May I use your telephone?"

"Sure thing," answered Bob. "The booth is in the corner."

After a few moments of conversation Mr. Manning came back to Bob.

"I've been talking to Haynes, the sheriff,"

he explained. "I told him not to get far from his end of the wire; so if Jordan should turn up here, you call up Haynes right away."

"What'll he be doing while I'm calling the sheriff?" inquired Bob, grinning.

Mr. Manning laughed. "Are you quite alone? Isn't there anyone here to lend you a hand?"

"I could get my uncle to come over if you think best."

"I do," said Mr. Manning. "We won't take any chances. There is as much reason to think Jordan will turn up here as at the other places I have in mind. I'm going to have a try now at Squire Penniman's place on the other side of town. Remember the anonymous letter I had? Well, I've had another." He took from his pocket an envelope with a big sprawling blot across the back.

"Hold on!" cried Bob excitedly. "I've seen that letter before."

"Where?" demanded Manning; his eyes were keen.

"I went to the post office last night to send off a card for my Uncle Joe, and, as there were a good many people there, I had to wait for a pen. Banerman, Mrs. Lemuel Jones's man, was writing at the desk, and as he turned his envelope to blot it he dropped his pen and made a splotch across the back exactly like that one. It's a spread eagle, don't you see? Two people wouldn't be likely to make the same mark, would they?"

Mr. Manning shook his head thoughtfully. "That story would fit in all right with Banerman's being away the night of the robbery, wouldn't it? I found out all I could about him, of course, but he had a clear record, and Mrs. Jones didn't think he was implicated. I'll follow your clue at once. If it's Banerman, he's been Jordan's pal, and he's got grouchy over something; he's afraid of Jordan, but he'd turn state's evidence fast enough. Now it's up to me to catch Jordan."

"Why not stay here on the chance of his turning up?"

"Because he's had plenty of time to get here if he were coming, and there are other places he's as likely to be in. Get your uncle over here, though, and then if Jordan should turn up, one of you can hold him in conversation while the other telephones to Haynes. I'm off now. Can you give me some gas?"

The man at the pump is taking an hour's vacation," Bob answered, "but I think the pump is working all right. Can you manage alone?"

"I'll try it," Mr. Manning replied cheerfully. "How much?"

"You can pay another time," said Bob. "Maybe the pump won't work."

Mr. Manning started his motor cycle and dashed down the lane, and Bob followed a dozen steps to make sure that the gasoline was still flowing. He watched until Mr. Manning hung up the hose and, waving a farewell, bumped away out of sight. Then Bob started back to the barn to telephone to Uncle Joe. As he crossed the threshold and looked toward the telephone booth he noticed that the door was partly closed; he had left it wide open. Then before his eyes it swung entirely shut.

"Great Scott!" thought Bob. "That's rather spooky. I thought I was the only one in the place!" Then as he crossed the floor he laughed. "The kid of course up to another funny trick before I've even thought out how I can make him a good boy. Some problem, he is."

Bob put the toe of his shoe to the door and swung it back against the wall. Then he stood still in astonishment. The person inside was not George but a stranger. "I beg your pardon," Bob said. "I thought I was alone here, and I couldn't tell who had shut the door."

The stranger smiled pleasantly. He was tall and good-looking and was spick-and-span from his shoes to his soft hat. "I am the one who should apologize," he remarked. "I have come to claim my car, and, as I was fortunate enough to find a telephone, I thought that I should take advantage of it until you arrived."

"Certainly," answered Bob. "I'm sorry that I interrupted you. If you will give me your ticket, I'll be getting your car ready. I didn't put it away; you must have come at noon while my uncle was on duty."

"You're good at remembering faces?"

"Yes," Bob replied. "I think I could deliver all these cars to their owners without using a check, but checks prevent mistakes."

The tall stranger had come to the door of the booth and was looking at the automobiles. "Which one is Bonner's?" he asked.

"The big Hycomobile. Do you know Mr. Bonner?"

"Very well. He is going to take me home. To save time I told him that I would come for the car and run over to pick him up."

Bob, looking straight at the man, saw a flicker in his eyes that made him quickly lower his glance and turn away. "I'll look it over," he said, trying hard to keep his voice steady as he walked across the floor.

His heart was pounding under the suspicion that had gripped him. How had the man reached the garage? If he had come by the direct path, he would have met him; he must have stolen across the field and entered by

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the back while he himself was outside. Who was he? Why not Gentleman Jordan? He had the tall, muscular figure of the man whom he had helped out of the mire, and the voice was the same. Bob walked to the outer door and then turned back. He must make sure.

The stranger was still in the booth, but he was not telephoning. Some of the blank cards that Bob had used for identification checks were on the table, and on one of them the man was writing with his gloved right hand. Bob's heart beat violently. Three fingers of the glove had come against the telephone and were bent back at right angles to the others. There was no longer any cause for doubt. He was alone with Gentleman Jordan!

TO BE CONTINUED.

A STREAK OF THE OLD ADAM



OUR home neighborhood in Maine of seven or eight families of farm folk was perhaps as amiable a little community as you could find anywhere. Neighbors they were in the best sense of the word; they always were willing and even eager to accommodate one another. Every family—and especially the old squire and our grandmother—was responsibly interested in the welfare of all the others.

But the best neighbor in the world will sometimes let you see that he has what Grandmother Ruth was wont to call "a streak of the old Adam" in him; and the streak in Grandsire Murch—the Murch farm was up the road a little way from the old squire's place—showed itself whenever anything happened to affect old Suke, an ancient white mare that he had kept for his own use when he gave his farm to his son.

"Uncle Billy," as his elderly neighbors called him, was a rather comical old fellow who, though he was far from being ill-humored, had his peculiar streaks. We boys delighted to go up to the Murch place on a rainy day and start the old man to telling stories. And Uncle Billy's stories, told over and over, were like snowballs rolled down hill; they grew bigger and bigger every time he turned one of them over.

Ten years before on the day that Uncle Billy was seventy years old he had deeded his place to his son Cyrus, who had come home to care for the old folks in their declining years. The two had the agreement written out, signed it and had it witnessed. Uncle Billy was to have for his own old Suke and a thorough-brace wagon to drive out in whenever he desired. Furthermore, he was to have his board and clothes and was to work only when he wanted to work. For spending money he was to have what fruit

grew on a row of ten Baldwin apple trees beside the line wall that adjoined the Wilbur farm; but he himself was to pick, barrel and market the apples. Not a large income to retire on, especially when there was a light apple crop!

Almost every day when the weather was fair we would see him go by the

house on his way to the Corners or to the village; and invariably from May to November, on returning, he would unharness and turn Suke out to graze by the roadside. And that was when trouble began for his neighbors. For years that wretched old beast ran free and went everywhere along the road in both directions. You could not leave a gate open or a set of bars down for an hour without having old Suke come poking in to taste whatever was inside; and the old pest had a special fondness for getting into gardens and, after cropping off the best there was in them, taking a roll in the midst of the young corn or the tomatoes.

In almost any other community in the world the folks would have appealed to the law and have forced Uncle Billy to keep his mare within his own boundaries; but those kind neighbors did not want to hurt the old man's feelings, and so year after year they bore and forbore with Suke. However "wrathy" we boys became at having to chase her away and repair her ravages, the old squire would never allow us to stone her or to use indignant language to Uncle Billy.

Frequently the neighbors mentioned Suke's trespasses to the old man, and at times they mildly remonstrated with him for turning her loose in the road. But the protests were quite without effect. "Wal, now, I allus have turned Suke out to feed, and I kinder s'pose I allus shall," was all the satisfaction that the neighbors ever got from him. He persisted quite without excuse in turning the horse out into the road, for there was good pasture on the Murch farm. Moreover, Uncle Billy's own folks—his son and his grandsons Willis and Ben—did not like to have him do it; but their remonstrances had no more effect on the old man than those of the neighbors. He always had turned Suke out to feed, and he supposed he always should. His persistence was owing partly to willfulness and partly to the fact that it was easy for him to pull off the harness in the road and let the horse go free.

People have often wondered how old a horse will live to be. Suke was raised on the Murch farm and was known to be twenty-three years old at the time when Uncle Billy gave the place to his son. She must therefore have been in her thirty-third year. Some persons said she had Arabian blood in her.



Although she was generally white in color, she had little irregular brown patches along her sides and shoulders; her tail was Arabian, and so was her frontal breadth between the eyes. She had also a villainous white left eye with a wide pink inner canthus.

No one except Uncle Billy, not even the Murch boys, could do anything with her or catch her while she was running at large beside the road; Uncle Billy took all the care of her. Almost always in summer and winter he wore an old overcoat and an ancient, brown beaver hat. When he wanted to harness Suke we would see him coming along the roadside to catch her; the skirts of the old coat would almost brush the grass, and he would be shaking something that rattled in a two-quart tin dish. Later my cousin Addison discovered that it was a lump of sugar. Uncle Billy had only to rattle it a few times, and Suke would come obediently to his call of "Co-jack! Co-jack!" Often he brought no halter but led her home by the forelock. While he kept her in a box stall at the barn he seldom used a halter. Suke did not like being tied in the stall, or anywhere else for that matter; she was likely to pull back and break the halter.

For years the old man had declared that he would give Suke to anyone who could put a halter on her. The offer seemed safe enough. Let anyone except the old man approach her by the roadside as if to catch her, and Suke would seem to feed industriously but at the same time would watch out of the corner of that wicked left eye of hers till the extended hand was about to pass the strap round her neck—then like a flash she would whirl and kick out viciously with both heels. Only by a nimble backward jump could you escape them. Then she would run a little distance and begin watchfully to feed again. Our country roads were perhaps fifty feet wide and generally were bordered on both sides with stone walls; but four men could not drive old Suke along the road if she did not want to go. She would run a little distance and then wheel and with teeth bared come back at a gallop. The old squire had repeatedly warned us boys not to try to catch her or stop her. "She is a dangerous beast," he said. "I am really afraid she may injure some one."

As a matter of fact she came near killing the schoolmistress one summer when the young woman, a stranger among us, tried to pat her nose. Fortunately, old Suke's hoofs missed their mark.

The old squire went to have a talk with Uncle Billy about the incident. "William," he said, "you ought really to have that old mare put out of the way. She has grown so old and so cunning and so vicious that it isn't safe for her to be at large."

"But I need a boss, squire," Uncle Billy whined; he was then eighty years old and was growing childish. "Whar'd I git another hoss if I was to part with Suke?"

But the old squire made him promise that he would not turn Suke out in the highway again that summer, and he kept his word—for perhaps a fortnight; then we saw Suke in the road again quite as before. I suppose that Uncle Billy had forgotten all about that promise.

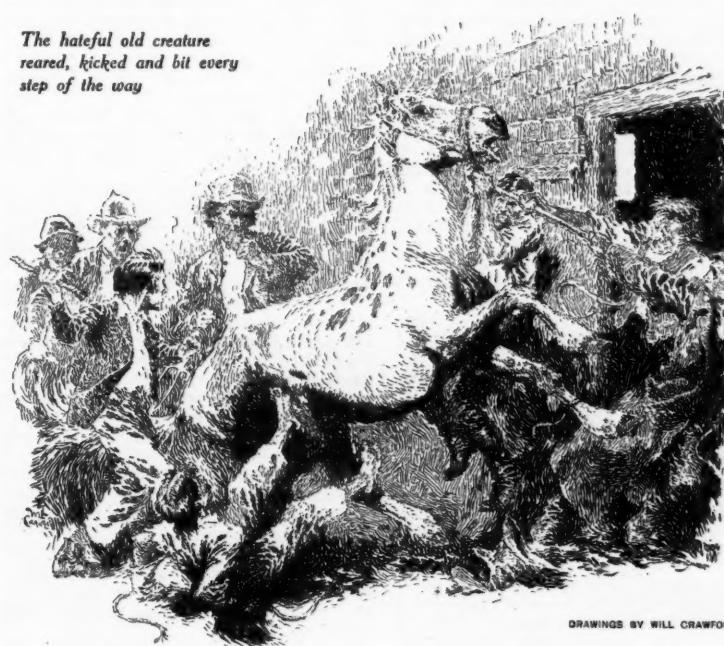
There was not a garden patch or a meal barrel or a bin of oats in the whole neighborhood that the old pest did not know the position of; and if by chance the garden gate or the barn door was left open, she could go straight to it. In anger we boys used at times to arm ourselves with bean poles and run Suke out of the garden and drive her home to the accompaniment of loud shouting. Then Uncle Billy usually would come out to meet us. "Why don't ye ketch her, boys?" he would ask, chuckling with senile laughter. "I'll give her to any of ye that'll ketch her. Make ye a present of her if ye'll ketch her!" If he had said it to us once he had said it fifty times. What he probably thought was that if anyone did catch her, she would break away and come home. Then just to show how easily he himself could catch her he would get his two-quart dish with the lump of sugar in it and, shaking it a few times, would shuffle up to the old horse; and Suke, as gentle as a lamb, would crunch the lump of sugar, rub her nose against the old man's shoulder and let him buckle the halter. What exasperated us was that we saw, or thought that we saw, that the old fellow was secretly proud of Suke's exploits and inwardly gloried in them.

The nuisance continued until June of the third year after we young folks had gone home to live. Crows were troublesome in the fields that season; muckworms probably were scarce, and the crows were driven to pull up young corn. Just after work one

day Tom Edwards, Addison and I went up the east pasture brook to catch a mess of trout; and as we were coming down the road past the Murch farm on our way home we saw Uncle Billy out near the lower side of their cornfield, making a scarecrow. He

Slipping past the gatepost into the road, he bent over and shaking lumps of sugar, began to call, "Co-jack! Co-jack!" in a voice quite like Uncle Billy's. Old Suke stopped feeding, turned and immediately went to him. Holding the dish in his left hand, Addison let

The hateful old creature reared, kicked and bit every step of the way



DRAWINGS BY WILL CRAWFORD

was wearing a frock and a new straw hat instead of his usual old overcoat and crumpled beaver.

"Yes, sir," Tom said after we had watched the old man for a few moments, "that's what he's about, making a scarecrow of his old duds."

Uncle Billy had not seen us, for bushes grew thick along the roadside. For some time we stood there and watched. He had fetched out an old pair of trousers and a grain sack stuffed with hay and had set up a wooden cross on which to extend the arms of the old overcoat. A smaller sack of hay served as a head for the effigy, and the old beaver hat adorned it. Finally the old man took a hoe and placed it so that the scarecrow seemed to be carrying it over its shoulder.

"That scarecrow surely does look like Uncle Billy," Tom said and chuckled. "I suppose all the crows round here will think it is he out there, hoeing corn."

At last Tom and I went on, but Addison stood watching for a few moments longer. That night, without saying anything to either of us, he went to the Murch cornfield and, kidnapping Uncle Billy's scarecrow, brought it home and hid it in the barn.

In those days part of my duties was to see that the gate at the foot of the lane was shut; and, going out shortly after breakfast the next morning, I looked in that direction. The gate was closed, and I observed old Suke feeding by the roadside a little way past it. As usual she had been at large all night.

Addison was hitching up Whistle for the old squire to drive to the village. After he had gone I missed Addison for a little while. At last, hearing a noise at the barn, I glanced toward it, when whom should I see hobbling out at the door but Uncle Billy Murch! How he had got there I could not imagine! But there he was—long overcoat, crumpled hat and cowhide boots and all. He also had his two-quart dish and his halter.

"Good morning, Uncle Billy. Where did you come from?" I said as he approached. "You're out early."

He did not speak. His hat was pulled down partly over his face. I stared as he hobbled by, and then I saw his grinning mouth. It was Addison! "Keep still," he said. "I'm going to catch old Suke. Don't say anything."

"But you had better look out!" I exclaimed. "She'll kick your head off!"

"Not if she thinks I'm Uncle Billy," he replied, and shook the tin dish, which rattled with the lumps of sugar that were in it.

I saw that the halter in his hand was one of the strongest we had; it was really two rope halters tied together.

"Well, you had better mind that she doesn't kick you," I cautioned him.

I wanted to follow him down the lane, but he said, "Keep back. Don't let her see you."

the lane and into a stall in the barn; but seven of us were indeed necessary, and then we succeeded only after a long struggle. The hateful old creature reared, kicked and bit every step of the way.

At last we pulled and pushed her into a horse stall and hitched her there securely with a new rope halter; we also put a bar across the rear of the stall behind her.

"Now, come on, let's go find Uncle Billy and see what he will say!" Halstead exclaimed.

The whole party set off for the Murch place; and on the way Addison carried back the scarecrow.

We found the old man out in the shed that they called the shop; he was shaving the handle of an axe. "Good morning, Uncle Billy," Addison shouted, for the old man was somewhat deaf. "Come down to our place for a few minutes; I want to show you my new horse."

Uncle Billy stood back and stared. "You bought a hoss?"

"No," replied Addison, "I've caught one." He wanted to mystify the old man for a while longer, but Halstead shouted, "He's caught old Suke!"

"Yes," said Addison, "I've caught Suke, and she's mine now, you know. You said I might have her if I could catch her!"

"Yes, Uncle Billy," the others added, "you promised her to anybody who could catch her."

I regret to say that Uncle Billy proved to be a bad loser. At first he would not believe that Addison had caught Suke; then when we all told him that Addison had spoken the truth he denied that he had ever promised the horse to anyone who could catch her. "I never said so!" he shouted. "I never meant nothin' o' the sort!" And how angry he was! He rushed to get his halter and, muttering and whimpering, started off down the road ahead of us to fetch Suke home.

"Of course we'll let him have her," said Addison.

We all followed Uncle Billy, but did not come up with him till just as he reached the old squire's barn.

Meanwhile something unforeseen had happened. Evidently old Suke had made repeated efforts to break the halter. She had pulled and backed so violently as to burst off the bar behind her. She had pulled so violently indeed that the knot in the rope round her throat had run and drawn fearfully tight. When we reached the barn she was lying on the floor of the stall partly out in sight with her hind hoofs outstretched, choked and quite dead.

All that Uncle Billy said and did is not to be repeated here; he tore round, alternately crying and shouting at us. There was little that we could do except to look on. Grandmother Ruth and the girls came out, but there was nothing that they could do. In the midst of the commotion the old squire returned from the village. Seeing him drive into the yard, Uncle Billy rushed to meet him. "Joe! Joe! O Joe! They've killed my hoss!" he cried. "They've gone and killed Suke!"

It was little wonder that the old squire had difficulty in learning what had happened, for no one else said a word. He came into

Uncle Billy rushed to meet him. "Joe! Joe! O Joe! . . . he cried"



She's mine now, you know," he added, laughing. "I want you all for witnesses that Uncle Billy offered her to anyone who could catch her."

It seems ridiculous to say that seven men—that is, men and boys—were required to get old Suke through the gateway and then up

the barn and looked first at one and then at another. Perceiving old Suke lying in the stall, he looked round at us again; still he did not speak, but I saw the corners of his mouth begin to twitch a little. "Who caught her?" he asked at last.

"I caught her, sir," Addison replied and

stepped forward. "I thought she was my horse and so hitched her in here."

"Oh, you young serpent!" Uncle Billy cried, running at him and trying to hit him with the halter. "Ye little serpent o' the pit, ye tied a slipknot in that rope a-purpose to choke her!"

But Addison stoutly denied that he had tied a slipknot; and when the old squire examined the halter he saw that Addison was telling the truth.

Ah, well, to make an end of this homely tragedy, his share in which Addison heartily repented, we drew old Suke away on a stone boat and buried her at the foot of a great pine stub far down in the east pasture.

No doubt Uncle Billy grieved over her loss; for a week or two he went about the neighborhood lamenting and at last excited so much sympathy that the old squire drew up a subscription paper and put his own

name down for ten dollars toward buying the old man another horse. My cousin Theodora carried the paper round, and all the neighbors were so pleased to be rid of old Suke that for that reason if no other all without exception gave something. I gave fifty cents and for two months afterwards was in straitened circumstances. Addison gave a dollar, and Halstead would have given something had he not been quite bankrupt that summer. I have forgotten the girls gave, but I know that they each gave a little.

We raised almost fifty dollars and purchased an elderly Morgan mare and presented her to Uncle Billy; she was a kind, intelligent and safe driver. He took the gift and never so much as thanked anyone for it. In fact he grumbled. What the old man really wanted was Suke back again and the fun of pasturing her by the roadside.

digging a tunnel in the dry moss. "I was thinking a little about sugaring off or the new state road. What are you going to write on?"

"Oh, something about the Orient," Joyce replied grandly. "An American Girl's Reaction in Tokyo perhaps."

"It doesn't matter what I write," Phoebe said abruptly. "Yours will be chosen anyway." She bent her head to hide her quivering lips. "You get ev-everything."

"Why, Phoebe Rugg!" exclaimed Joyce.

"You do!" cried Phoebe. "You had the best part in the senior play; you're class president; you had the highest honors—and you'll write the prize essay. I don't care! If I'd been to England and Japan and down South —"

Joyce sprang to her feet. "You're a jealous little pig, Phoebe. I thought we'd been such friends—I've never stayed anywhere long enough to have a real friend before—and all the time you've just been wishing I weren't here so you could be first in things. If I'd known you thought more about the play and your marks than you did about me, I shouldn't have tried. What do I care about Sandisville High School? And now I'll write the best theme they ever saw," she added inconsistently. "You won't come within a mile of the prize. I hate you!"

"O Joyce!" cried Phoebe. "I'm sorry; I didn't mean —"

"You did mean it!"

"Please, Joyce —"

"I'm going back," said Joyce and ran off alone through the woods.

Phoebe's lips tightened obstinately. Let Joyce make so much of a moment's temper if she wanted to! "I won't be the first to say I'm sorry next time," she thought as she packed up the food.

The girls did not quarrel again, but the band of happy intimacy between them had snapped. At home and on the long rides to school they were painfully polite to each other; and each began her essay and worked on it in stubborn secrecy. Graduation was the third Friday in June, and the prize essays had to be in a week before that date. Everyone in the senior class—there were only twenty—admitted that the first prize would probably go either to Phoebe or to Joyce.

"Joyce will get it of course," Phoebe declared to a group of girls during a recess period. "Who else can write about London or New York or —"

"That's a silly way to look at it," said Joyce in a carefully impersonal voice. "The prize is for excellence in writing, and there's just as much chance for a description of sugaring off as for a description of the cherry blossom festival in Tokyo."

On the morning that the essays were to go in Joyce did not come downstairs for breakfast. When Phoebe went out to hutch up Nightcap Mrs. Rugg glanced at the clock and then strode heavily to the foot of the stairs. "Joyce!" she called.

"In a minute," came a muffled voice.

Phoebe had harnessed Nightcap and was waiting impatiently in the sunny doorway. At last her cousin appeared; two spots of color were burning in her pale cheeks.

"Don't you feel well, Joyce?" asked her aunt.

"We'll be late," Phoebe said crossly, "and if you're late, they won't take your theme. They're awfully stiff about it. Please hurry."

Cutting across one end of the cornfield, she shouted, "Father! Joyce! Hoo-hoo, Joyce!"



Joyce looked at her cousin without speaking. Then she turned to Mrs. Rugg. "I've lost my essay, Aunt Flora."

"Lost it? But, Joyce, how could you lose it right there in your room? You wouldn't even bring it downstairs to read to us."

"It's gone," said Joyce, looking again at Phoebe.

Observing the glance, Phoebe flushed. "I'm sorry—" she began. Then the real meaning of Joyce's glance flashed into her mind. "She things I know!" Phoebe said to herself. "Joyce thinks I took it!" The words of sympathy died on her lips. "We'll be late," she repeated sharply.

"Why, Phoebe! We must help Joyce find her composition," said her mother. "Think, Joyce; when did you have it last?"

"I finished copying it yesterday afternoon just before Uncle Ben called me out to see the new calf; I left it on my table, and when I came back it was—I mean I haven't seen it since."

"But have you looked everywhere?" asked Mrs. Rugg.

"I've hunted and hunted," replied Joyce. "It's certainly not in the room." She paused. "Well, we'd better go to school. It would be a pity not to have Phoebe's essay get in either, wouldn't it?"

Phoebe shrugged one shoulder and then ran out to untie Nightcap. If Joyce thought she would steal a theme! If Joyce thought that!

The two girls rode in silence; Joyce refused to put her suspicion into words, and Phoebe was determined not to give any sign that she understood. Once at school they kept out of each other's way. Phoebe passed in her essay, a carefully written little essay on the significance of the new state road. Through one of the girls she learned that the teacher had given Joyce one more day to find or rewrite her paper. "And," added the girl, "she says she tore up the old copy; it was so scratched out and everything. Isn't it a shame, Phoebe?"

"Yes," Phoebe replied.

After they reached home Joyce went to her room and wrote rapidly till late at night, but across the hall Phoebe lay sleepless long after the narrow yellow band of light had disappeared from under her cousin's door. The roosters were crowing in the chilly dark that precedes daybreak before she fell asleep.

"How'd you get along, dear?" Mrs. Rugg asked Joyce at breakfast.

"Oh, I did it," said Joyce wearily, "but it's not good; I'll pass it in though. It may do; there aren't many geniuses in Sandisville High School."

"Phoebe, your father's going to drive Joyce down, being it's Saturday," said Mrs. Rugg. "While he's hitchin' up I wish you'd hunt in the north loft for eggs; I need six more to make up ten dozen."

"All right." Phoebe pushed her chair back from the table. She was glad to be alone, and she loitered over the egg hunt till she heard her mother's voice:

"Phoebe! Where are you? We're waiting."

"Coming," called Phoebe.

Swinging down from the loft to a broad window sill above the stalls, she scattered an armful of hay that had lodged there—and brought to light an oblong piece of white paper, carefully folded and inscribed. A quick glance told her that it was Joyce's essay! "Joyce didn't leave it in her room when father called," she said to herself. "She had it in her hand and stuck it up here. Then when she missed it —"

Phoebe turned abruptly to the ladder. A few moments later she was outside. Her cousin had just appeared in the doorway. "Joyce! O Joyce!" Phoebe called.

As if she had not heard, Joyce walked on and climbed into the buggy. Phoebe's cheeks blazed. "All right for you," she muttered. "It's not my fault that your old theme is out here."

She walked across the yard to put her eggs into the partly filled crate that was fastened under the seat of the buggy.

"Well, I guess we're off," said Mr. Rugg, picking up the lines and clucking to Nightcap.

Phoebe stood quite still until they had turned the corner. Then her face seemed to burn like fire, and she started to run after them. Cutting across one end of the cornfield, she shouted, "Father! Joyce! Hoo-hoo, Joyce!" But when she reached the corner the leather top of the buggy was dipping out of sight on the first slope down the hill. Phoebe stared after it soberly. "Now I am what Joyce thinks," she whispered. "I have stolen her essay. If I win the prize, it will be stolen too. No, no, I must stop them!"

It seemed to her quite impossible to wait till Monday; to wait would mean to make

explanations. No, she must reach Joyce before she passed the substitute work in. But how? There were no telephones on Hanging Mountain; and there was not a horse in the barn that could overtake Nightcap. The rough, deep-rutted road seemed to mock Phoebe's anxious eyes as she stood uncertainly at the corner. Suddenly her face turned white. "I can go over the edge," she said slowly.

Without stopping to think she ran back to the barn and, folding the essay between cardboard sides hastily torn from an old shoe box, pinned it securely into a pocket that she made by turning up the bottom of her middy blouse. Then, walking to save her strength but without delaying, she set out for Skylan. When she came out of the woods she closed her eyes to the great sweep of the valley. She felt frightened and sick.

After a while she peered over the edge and chose a place to begin her descent. Then she turned round with her face to the cliff and, gripping the moss with tenacious fingers,

lowered herself to the next ledge. For a moment she stood quiet, a slender blue-clad figure with upstretched arms against the sheer wall of rock. Setting her lips, she relaxed her hold on the moss and prepared for the next step.

The minutes that followed seemed a blurred interval of struggle, of battling with all her strength against the lichenized rocks over which her stout shoes slipped treacherously. Once her foot caught in a crack, and as she clung breathless she saw herself in imagination hanging head downward from the cliff. Her fingers were slipping, when with a jerk that sent a tearing pain up her leg she wrenched the shoe free and went on down—down.

Her dress was torn, and her hands were cut and bleeding. At last in feeling for a foothold both feet came firmly against the blackened trunk of a pine that slanted almost horizontally out from the hill. She was beyond the rocks!

The rest of the journey was easy. After a

few gasping moments she began to run along the wide path that the old fire had made. She must not fail now. Dashing through Tru Ives's mowing, she squeezed under the bars just as Nightcap, trotting briskly on the state road, rounded the turn by the post office.

At sight of his disheveled daughter Mr. Rugg reined in abruptly. "Phoebe!" he cried. "Where on earth—Whoa, Nightcap, whoa there!"

"I brought Joyce's essay," said Phoebe, fumbling at her blouse. "I found it in the calf barn."

"In the calf barn!" repeated Joyce. "Why—why, I believe I put it there myself—O Phoebe!"

"But how'd you get here?" demanded her father. "You look about done up."

"I came over the edge."

"O Phoebe, you might have been killed!"

cried Joyce. "It was all my own fault; I've been such a beast! What made you do it?"

"I found the essay before you left this morning," said Phoebe, "and didn't give it to you. So you see I had to come."

"Well, well, climb in here," said Mr. Rugg. "You can explain later."

Phoebe crowded up on the narrow seat of the buggy, and her torn, dusty dress brushed against Joyce's crisp organdie. The girls did not speak, but Joyce locked her cool white fingers into her cousin's scratched hand, and Phoebe looked at her once and smiled.

When they reached the schoolhouse Joyce jumped out and with both essays in her hand ran up the walk. One she passed in, and one with a shoe-box cover she thrust out of sight under the books in her desk.

On Monday one of the girls remarked to Phoebe: "Is it true that you climbed down Hanging Mountain with Joyce's essay?"

"It's true all right," said Joyce, coming up behind her cousin and slipping her arm round her waist. "But have you heard the news? Phoebe won first prize! Isn't that wonderful!"

HOW WE GET OUR OYSTERS

By Dr. E. P. Churchill, Jr.

DR. CHURCHILL
is professor of zoölogy at the University of South Dakota. His recent investigations of marine life, made for the United States Bureau of Fisheries, have greatly aided the shellfish industry of our coastal waters

As we partake of the piping-hot oyster stew or the cool, delicious half dozen on the half shell we may wonder just how the oysters reach our table. To persons living near tidewater the road the oysters travel is more or less familiar; but throughout our vast inland regions, where oysters are highly esteemed, people cannot observe them in their natural habitat, for oysters live only in salt water. One of the largest oyster companies in New England finds the majority of its customers in the upper Mississippi Valley, to which it ships the opened oysters packed in ice.

The oyster industry constitutes our most valuable shell fishery, and more than sixty-five thousand persons are engaged in it. Every coastal state except Maine and New Hampshire has an oyster industry. About thirty-three million bushels in the shell, valued approximately at sixteen million dollars, are put on the market every year. Nearly one hundred and fifty thousand bushels come from the Pacific Coast, two thirds of which are grown from seed oysters transplanted from the Eastern coast. Puget Sound and Willapa Bay in Washington, Yaquina Bay in Oregon, and San Francisco Bay in California are the oyster-producing grounds of the West. In the East the industry follows the shore line almost continuously from Wellfleet on the inner side of Cape Cod to the Rio Grande.

No one should think, however, that there is a continuous bed of oysters along the coast. Oysters do not grow in the open sea, but in coves, in the mouths of rivers, in bays and estuaries and in other inclosed bodies of water that the fresh water from the land makes less salty. Chesapeake Bay produces more oysters than any other single body of water in the world; more than eight million bushels are taken from its waters every year. Long Island Sound, Narragansett Bay, the waters

eastern part of Delaware Bay, where the industry is centred in a town in New Jersey named Bivalve. There large areas of the bottom lying at a depth of from two to seven or eight fathoms are devoted to oyster "farming."

Although the date of the first use of oysters as food is lost in antiquity, it is probable that Sergius Orata, a rich Roman who lived at Naples about the time of Julius Cesar, made the earliest attempt at oyster farming. He found that by suspending bundles of brush in the water he could catch on them young oysters, or spat, as they are called. That method of oyster culture, which the Italians near Naples still practice, furnished the basis



Steam and gasoline power dredges

for the system that was put into use about 1858 on the western coast of France and somewhat later on the Atlantic Coast of the United States.

The Eastern oyster is known as *Ostrea virginica*; the Western, as *Ostrea lurida*. They belong to the type of Mollusca popularly named bivalves because the body is inclosed in two valves or shells. During the spring or the summer the oysters discharge into the water their eggs, which grow into minute clamlike forms provided with a propeller with which they swim round in the water. Within perhaps fifteen days they cease swimming and "set"; that is, they attach themselves to some hard clean surface such as a rock or a post. Once "set" the oysters never wander; they have nothing more to do except to breathe, eat and grow. The embryo oysters that fall upon a soft muddy bottom are smothered.

SETTING OYSTERS

Oyster planters are sometimes asked, "Why do you put the old shells back into the water? Will new meats grow in them?" Of course new meats will not grow in the old shells, but—what is just as useful—new oysters will grow on them. Knowing that habit of the young oysters, the American planter imitates Sergius Orata, though instead of using brush he thrifly makes the oysters provide their own cultch; that is, material put down for the oysters to "set" on. In the early summer he loads large scows with the old shells that have accumulated beside the oyster house, tows them out and scatters the shells in a level layer close to the beds of spawning oysters, where the young from those beds may "set" on them. There the young oysters may be allowed to grow to adult size, which requires approximately four years in New England waters and two years in the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Frequently, however, the shells with the attached "set" are dredged up and deposited on other grounds where there is more

food, and where growth will be more rapid; oysters feed upon microscopic plants and animals and on broken-up organic material found in the water. Oysters are thus raised in Long Island Sound and Narragansett Bay and to some extent in Louisiana.

The other method of oyster farming, which is carried on more extensively than the one described, consists in raising the oysters from "seed." Oyster seed is merely "set," or spat, or perhaps larger oysters that have not yet reached adult size. Seed oysters usually vary from the size of a finger nail to one and a half or two inches in length, and the planter obtains them either from natural or from planted beds. Some men make a business of taking seed from the natural beds and selling it for planting to the large oyster companies. Seed oysters are planted either in the spring or in the fall and are scattered in a layer over the bottom. Usually from three hundred to five hundred bushels are put down for each acre; if the layer is too thick, the lower ones will smother or die from lack of food.

STATE PROTECTION

Oyster grounds used for planting shells or seed are usually leased or purchased from the state. The states that control natural oyster beds contend that they are public property to be fished in common; the state leases or sells only barren bottoms, and the fisherman who wishes to plant shells or seed pays a rental, of one dollar to ten dollars an acre a year, or tax. The state surveys leased or purchased grounds and established definite boundaries for the plot of each planter, who then marks the lines with stakes or buoys. State police boats protect the fields from being molested or robbed. Rental fees or taxation provides for the cost of the service. In some states public sentiment has not supported efforts to plant oysters or to pass laws that allow the planter to acquire grounds for that purpose. The "natural" oystermen in those states feel that the once prolific natural beds are inexhaustible, and they fear that, if leasing is allowed, large oyster companies with a great deal of capital at their command will not only crowd them out of the market but will manage to acquire leases to the natural oyster beds.

Having put down the shells and got a good "set" of young oysters, or having planted a fine bed of seed, the oyster farmer often finds that he has offered a free table for various sorts of worthless, hungry loafers of the sea, which fall upon the oysters and devour them in great numbers. North of Chesapeake Bay one of the worst enemies of the oyster is the common starfish, which wraps its arm round the oyster, pulls the shells apart and sucks out the meat. The planter fights the "star" by dragging large mops of rope yarn over the oyster beds; the starfish become entangled in the threads and are drawn up and killed by plunging the mop into a vat of boiling water.

NATURAL ENEMIES

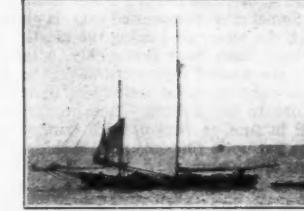
Another destructive enemy is the drill, or borer, a snail-like mollusk of which there are several species that vary in length from one to three inches. It has a rasp-like tongue with which it bores a hole through the shell of the oyster and sucks out the contents. After the oysters have been marketed from the infested

beds, the material that is left is dredged up and dumped ashore. There the drills die, and the number of drills that may attack the next crop is considerably diminished. Large mollusks known as conchs, huge drumfish with heavy teeth that crush the oysters, and mussels that multiply so rapidly as to smother them by their very numbers are among the minor enemies of the oyster. The tiny yellowish crab often found in our oysters is harmful neither to the oyster nor to us, if we should happen to eat it.

According to an old adage oysters are fit to eat only during the months that have an "r" in their name. During the summer, while the oysters are spawning, they are usually thin and poorly flavored, but in the fall they fatten and improve greatly in flavor. For that reason the custom of eating oysters mainly from September to April inclusive has arisen, and those months all happen to have an "r" in their name.

When the oysters have reached marketable size, usually five or six inches long, two general methods of harvesting the crop are employed. One is the use of oyster tongs, an implement that somewhat resembles two large rakes with long flat wooden handles that are pivoted together about four feet from the teeth. Standing in a small boat, the fisherman works the handles scissor-fashion, and the teeth, which are directed inward, dig under the oysters and close together. Then he lifts the tongs and, dumping the oysters into the boat, cuts out the undersized ones and throws them back.

The other method of taking oysters from the beds is by dredging. The dredge consists



An oyster dredging schooner

essentially of a triangle made of iron rods on the upper side of which a frame supports a bag of cotton mesh or of iron links. The bag is so fastened to the frame that it extends backward a short distance. A chain or a rope is attached to the apex of the triangle. The base rod is supplied with short teeth that plough beneath the oysters and lift them; and as the dredge moves forward the bag catches them. When the dredge is full it is hauled on deck by hand or by a capstan operated by an engine. There are usually two dredges working on a boat at the same time, one on each side. In width the dredges vary from two or three feet to seven or eight. The small ones are lifted by hand, the large ones by means of



Oyster houses with laden boat at wharf

of the New Jersey coast, the waters that border the eastern side of Louisiana, Pamlico Sound and Mississippi Sound rank next in importance.

From Delaware Bay northward most of the oysters are produced on planted beds. Southward the natural oyster beds largely predominate, and in most places little effort is made to raise oysters. The most systematic efforts at cultivating oysters are made in Long Island Sound and Narragansett Bay and in the

the capstan. The capacity of the small dredges is three or four bushels; of those operated by machinery, twelve or more. The largest dredges will hold perhaps thirty bushels.

Sail, gasoline and steam-driven vessels are all used in dredging oysters, but most states decree that only sailing vessels and hand-worked dredges be used on the natural beds. Since such a dredge is not so efficient as a steam dredge, the beds cannot be exhausted so quickly. On privately planted beds the owners may take the oysters in any way they choose. In Long Island Sound and in Narragansett Bay private companies use large steamers. One company in Connecticut runs the two largest oyster boats in the world—steamers with a capacity of eighty-five hundred bushels each and with three dredges on a side, each of which lifts thirty bushels at a haul.

At the wharf of the oyster house oysters are usually unloaded by means of metal buckets lifted by a small crane or by a rope that passes over a pulley. A few firms shovel the oysters into mechanical elevators or into buckets on an endless chain that carry them to a storeroom in the upper part of the building. But in most houses they are conveyed in wheelbarrows to the opening tables.

SHUCKING

The opening table consists of a broad shelf that extends along the side of the room beneath the windows. Low partitions divide the top into stalls about three feet wide. In front of each stall containing a quantity of oysters a worker stands ready to open them. Opening the oysters is known as shucking, an art that requires considerable muscular strength and practice. The shucker seizes the oyster in his left hand, which is protected by a glove or mitten, inserts the stout blade of a knife between the shells and cuts the muscle that holds them together. Then he separates the shells, removes the meat and, throwing it into a gallon measure, drops the shells to the floor. There are various modifications of that method. Some shuckers use a hammer and break the end, or "bill," of the shells, so that they can insert the blade of the knife more easily. In opening an oyster, an expert shucker makes only four or five movements, which are so rapid that the eye can hardly follow them. Ten or twelve gallons of oyster meats is an ordinary day's output for a shucker, but many open a much larger quantity than that. I know of one worker who shucked about twenty-six gallons a day. With wages at thirty-five cents a gallon, as they were during the winter of 1919-20, he did not fare at all badly.

In the large houses the oysters are let down from the storeroom in a loft through chutes to the shucking tables. The shuckers throw the shells through holes that are cut at each stall, and they fall upon a carrier that removes them to the shell pile outside. In the small establishments the shells are removed from the floor in wheelbarrows. Not all the shells are used as culch for catching oyster "set"; they can be used in other ways. Especially in the Chesapeake region many are burned in kilns to make lime for fertilizer, or are crushed to make poultry grit. From the Chesapeake Bay southward great quantities of oyster shells are used in making roads; generally they are spread whole, on the roadbed, and traffic wears them down.

The oyster meats are washed on tables or in tanks in order to remove bits of shells and dirt. Sometimes compressed air is blown through the water containing the meats, and that cleans them more thoroughly. After the oysters are washed they are drained and put into tin cans or metal containers that hold from one to five gallons. Those in turn are packed in tubs or buckets with crushed ice. Oysters put up in that manner are shipped to all parts of the country.

Oysters are also canned. That process originated at Baltimore about 1820, when the smaller oysters from the coves of the western side of Chesapeake Bay were used because they were unsuited for the trade in raw or shucked oysters. Hence the term "cove" oysters originated. Baltimore now has about fifteen canneries, and in each of the oyster states south of Maryland, except Virginia and Texas, which have none, there are from six to eighteen.

The oysters—still in the shell—that are set aside for canning are put into cars built basket-fashion of iron strips. Those cars, each of which holds about fifteen bushels, are run on a track into a rectangular iron steamer. There steam is passed through them for about ten minutes. The cars are then run out, and workers standing by them open the oysters. Since steaming has cooked the oysters, the shells are gaping, and the meats are easily

removed and placed in cans covered with a brine. The cans are capped by machinery.

A considerable part of the trade consists in marketing the oysters in the shell. Many epicures prefer their oysters on the half shell, and at hotels and elsewhere they are opened and served according to order. Oysters from certain places have acquired a wide reputation. Most famous are the Blue Points, which are known the country over. They derive their name from the fact that they come from the vicinity of Blue Point, which is

both a village and a small cape on the southern coast of Long Island. They are small and rather rounded, and they have a fine flavor. Of more local fame are the Lynn-havens from Lynnhaven Bay, Virginia, and the Cotuits from Cotuit Harbor, Massachusetts. Those oysters are larger than the Blue Points. With the present strict enforcement of the laws on raising and handling oysters there is little danger of contracting disease by eating that delicious product of the sea on its own half shell fresh from the water.



"Somebody has been here ahead of us, Steve," said Lee

DRAWN BY A. O. SCOTT

BLACK EAGLES AND WHITE

By Archibald Rutledge

Chapter Two

A snow-white feather

THE direction in which the negro had pointed showed that the white eagle evidently was heading for the delta.

"An old eagle," I told the brothers, "often hunts in a regular fashion; he follows certain routes or beats of travel and has certain places to visit. There he will often appear at the same place at approximately the same time of day."

"I think that we ought to divide forces tomorrow," Lee suggested. "Charley seems to be the lucky man of this party, and one of us ought to stay with him."

"We might try that plan," I agreed. "My own idea is that we should sail clear round Lesane Island in the morning and make a circuit out to sea beyond the old wreck. Then in the afternoon two of us can patrol the front beach, and two of us can stay under the line of flight that Charley says the white eagle held today."

"But what about the hound that Charley heard?" Jim asked quietly.

"Yes, sah," Charley said positively, "I shot down heard a bloodhound; and I done see his tracks in the dry silt over yonder." He pointed along the line of the shore toward Anchor Sound.

"You must have been doing some exploring on your own account while we were away," Lee said and smiled.

"Not me!" the negro cried. "But I done see raccoon in the silt over yonder, and I gone after him to visit him."

"And what did you do with him after your call?" I asked.

Charley told us that he had captured the

raccoon and had put him into an empty box aboard the Waban. The exploit did not astonish me; for, if there is any place in all our country where wild life is as plentiful as it probably was in the days of Columbus, it is on those desolate coastal islands like Lesane that serve as effective barriers between the ocean and the mainland of the Carolina seaboard. But that there was a hound on the island was news to me. Yet even while I was wondering there came from afar through the deep notes of a hound running a trail.

"Dar he is!" Charley exclaimed. "Ain't I done tolle you so? We is gwine sleep on board the Waban, ain't it, cap'n?" he asked me anxiously.

"We are," Lee replied, "but we'd like you, Charley, to stay out here on the shore tonight and hold off anything that might come prowling near."

"Hol' off?" the negro asked in dubious wonder. "I ain't no account at all, sah, at hol'ing off hants."

We slept aboard the Waban that night. Jim Rawlins was awake first, and he soon had the rest of us stirring. While Charley Snow prepared breakfast the three of us got our guns and ammunition ready and laid our plans for the day. Since the wind was from the right quarter, we decided to cruise round the island.

By eight o'clock we had cast off our line, had lifted anchor and were standing up the first long reach of Alligator Creek. That wide salt waterway is well named, for it is a favorite haunt of alligators; as the time had not yet come for them to hibernate, there was hardly a moment during our passage

when one of them was not in sight. An hour's sail up the placid, reed-hung waters brought us into the broad Santee River only half a mile above the mouth. I held the Waban on her course, and as she swept into the great river her head was pointing north.

Suddenly a low whistle from Jim attracted our attention. We saw him glance excitedly back over his shoulder and beckon violently to Lee, who at once crept cautiously and swiftly forward. In a moment he returned to me; his face was alight with what I knew must be important news. "Jim sees it," he said; "it was sailing low over the marsh on Fannie Meade's place. It's right off yonder, Steve, between the big cypress and the mouth of that creek running into the delta."

The situation called for sudden and clear thinking. There we were apparently almost within range of the extraordinary bird for which we had made our long journey. According to Jim, we could not be more than three hundred yards from where the white eagle had settled in the marsh. Possibly within the next ten minutes our whole expedition might end—crowned with sudden and complete success! To Lee, who was listening intently for what I might suggest, I said, "Take the gun and go in the bow with Jim. I shall put the Waban into the mouth of Atkinson's Creek. If the albino is anywhere near where Jim says he saw it go down in the marsh, one of you is almost sure to get your chance to shoot. And, Lee," I added as he grasped the shotgun and was turning away to follow out my suggestions, "don't forget that it's a thousand-dollar chance that you or Jim may get."

We swept on softly toward the mouth of the creek, which formerly had been the main artery of the great system of drainage of the rice fields. Soon we were well under the lee of the huge river bank, which is scarred and battered by the tide and topped with a monstrous wild growth of sedge, reeds and scrub willows. But the delta is not wooded. Here and there solitary cypresses are standing on the old banks; but they are the only trees. A great bald cypress, always a favorite perch for eagles, was growing close to the river bank and just to the left of Atkinson's Creek. Between that tree and the mouth of the creek Jim Rawlins had seen the albino.

Apparently it was from the very spot upon which it had settled that it now arose full in the sight of all of us. It must have dropped for some kind of prey in the marsh; but it had missed its strike, for it rose with talons unburdened. We had crept so far under the lee of the high bank that the beautiful and marvelous bird, now intent upon its own business, did not for the moment see us. It was just a little more than a hundred yards away and was outlined clearly in the morning sky ahead of us. Its easy and powerful flight was taking it straight to the crest of the dim old cypress that for a generation had been a lookout post for bald eagles.

Now that my gaze was full upon the magnificent bird it looked to me like some gorgeous, even fantastic, kind of dream bird. It was very large even for a male eagle in its prime, and from the base of its beak to the tip of its tail it was the color of an old bald eagle's head. The beauty of its plumage made all of its movements seem graceful and impressive. I do not believe that in all the wide world you could find another bird so stately, so majestic, so beautiful. And along the shining rib of a rifle barrel Jim Rawlins's keen and steady dark eye was holding a sure head. I knew that the moment the eagle poised on the tree Jim would fire.

Rising toward the crest of the ancient cypress, the white eagle prepared to alight. Its snowy wings were held high; its feet were lowered. But even in that moment it must have seen us. In a aerial manœuvre that was more acrobatic than graceful the great bird suddenly recovered its flying position and in a moment was behind the top of the cypress.

In spite of the unexpected and unfortunate turn in affairs Jim Rawlins held his rifle steadily to his face; and just as the snowy target cleared the tree and was heading down the river for Lesane Island the short black weapon in his hands spoke sharply. The albino reeled quickly; but it righted itself and continued its flight. Yet down from it, tinged with gold by the morning sunlight, drifted a single large snowy feather. Jim did not fire again.

"Close, Jim, close!" exclaimed Lee. "You certainly hit him, and he may not get across the river."

"He is gwine like the wind," was Charley's only comment on Jim's shot, but it fully explained the situation. The white eagle was already far away from us and soon would be seen as a mere white speck against a dark

background of the woods on Lesane Island, toward which it was winging its flight.

I luffed the Waban and swung her head down the river. Meanwhile the brothers joined me. "Let's get the feather, Steve," said Lee.

"I'm going for it now," I told him.

A few minutes later Jim Rawlins drew out of the dark water of the Santee the snow-white feather that the bullet had clipped from the eagle.

Running out of the broad and turbulent mouth of the river, we held our course seaward for a mile and then swung south toward the wreck of the Storm Queen, which was clearly visible perhaps four miles away; the vessel was lying in about twenty feet of water at high tide and was just on the outer rim of the breakers.

At the request of a friend of mine, Willoughby Sykes, a lawyer in Charleston and agent for the Sunderland Company, I had visited the Storm Queen once before. As the vessel, which was carrying a cargo of raw sugar from Havana to Philadelphia, had gone ashore off an island that I owned, Sykes had employed me to go to the wreck and to ascertain whether a salvaging expedition would be worth while. The officials of the company thought that much depended on how badly the vessel was damaged. After I had investigated the Storm Queen I was obliged to report that as far as I could see the stranded ship was apparently a total loss. The breakers were washing clear through a gaping hole in her side, and her cargo of sugar had long since disappeared. There was a considerable quantity of metal on her that might be valuable, and the timber of her decks and hatches and of certain other parts were intact; but for another boat with a special crew to come up the sixty miles from Charleston to salvage stuff of that kind would hardly pay, especially since they would have to employ me or some one else who knew the place to take them to the wreck and to stay with them until they had removed everything of any value from it.

I had reported to Willoughby Sykes the situation as it had seemed to me, and he had agreed that the plan of salvage should be abandoned. Then he wrote to me and said that in return for what I had done I might visit the stranded hulk if I wished and take from it whatever I wanted. For some time I had been meaning to go to the wreck, but little things had always turned me from my purpose. A few moments later therefore when Lee Rawlins suggested that we pull up beside the Storm Queen I nodded in agreement, for the visit would give me an opportunity to see what was worth saving from the wreck.

"Steve," asked Jim, who always appeared to be the first to see some object of interest, "what is that strange little tower over yonder against the woods on the island? It can't be an old lighthouse, can it?"

"Oh, that," I answered; "that's a curiosity sure enough. In the old days of rice growing about a hundred years ago there were big fields here on Lesane Island, and many slaves used to be brought down here from the plantation up the river to work the crop; there were temporary quarters here for them. And all went well until a great storm overtook them. In a West Indian gale Lesane Island isn't a fit place for human beings to be—or at least it wasn't before the woods grew here. In the great gale of 1822 the plantation owner, who was one of my family, his overseer and more than thirty slaves were drowned. It was in the year after that storm that the slave tower you see over yonder was built."

"The what?" Lee asked in astonishment as he gazed with interest at the structure.

"The slave tower. It served almost the same purpose that a cyclone cellar does; only in this country no kind of building can be set underground, for the water lies too close to the surface. Inundation is the chief danger from a coastal storm, and that tower yonder is just shelter from the waters—a place to go and keep dry. It's made of brick and is circular; on the whole it's a fine piece of masonry."

"I should think it would have been built on the back beach," said Jim, "not against the woods of the front beach."

"But you must remember that there were no woods then such as we have on the island now; and I have been told that there is a solid bank of shell where the tower stands—a circumstance that probably accounts for its having been put where it is."

"Is it ever used now?" Lee asked.

"Yes, yes!" Jim Rawlins cried suddenly. "I see some one coming out of it now. There

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are two of them, Steve, two men! See them yonder to the right of the tower among those high sand dunes? There they go! They've turned into the woods. Why, Steve, I thought you owned Lesane Island and that you never allowed anyone on your place?"

"I do own it," I replied. "Are you sure they were men? The wild cattle sometimes loaf around the tower."

"They were men," Jim replied.

None of the rest of us had seen the figures that had caught and held the attention of the remarkably keen-sighted Jim. We knew that we could depend on the accuracy of his eyes. Lee now had the spyglass out, but the figures had disappeared. It was not without misgiving that I learned that there were visitors on the island. What they were doing there I could not say, but I was sure that they had come down to my place for no good purpose.

We had now approached to within a quarter of a mile of the Storm Queen, and I was observing the wind and the tide and was beginning to figure how best to bring my sloop safe alongside the wreck. Like me both Lee and Jim had been paying more attention to the slave tower than we had been paying to the vessel; but suddenly the drawing voice of Charley Snow called our attention from the shore. "Look at yo big bud yonder," he said, "a-sittin' on that rail fence on the dead boat."

We gazed intently at the wreck ahead of us. On the peak of the forward mast, solitary above the wide sea water and glistening and gleaming softly in the sunlight, sat the white eagle. But almost as soon as we sighted it, it rose on powerful wings, the slow and stately beats of which drove it upward and onward with majestic ease straight toward the southern end of the island, in fact almost directly for our camp.

We were now within a few feet of the wreck, and I told each of my comrades to take a line aboard for me. As we drifted close under the old hulk both Lee and Jim jumped to the taffrail.

"Make your lines fast to the cleats on the deck!" I shouted.

But the brothers remained clinging to the narrow railing and passed the ropes between it and the deck; then they drew the sloop safely against the hulk, which was solidly embedded in the sands. As soon as we had made things secure I went forward and dropped the jib and the sail.

"We couldn't make fast to the cleats," Lee called, "for there are none. See, the whole deck is gone!"

To my amazement I saw that what he had said was true. Here and there indeed were a few planks, and some of the main uprights below the deck space were standing; but the vessel had evidently been systematically stripped. The copper, the brass, the iron and the steel were gone. The deck and the hatchways were gone. The capstans and the wheel were gone. And neither wind nor tide nor storm could have taken them.

"Somebody has been here ahead of us, Steve," said Lee.

"She's been salvaged all right," said Jim.

"With a vengeance," I agreed, my mind busy with all sorts of conjectures.

"But do you know, Steve," Jim said slowly and thoughtfully, "of all the stands to take for the white eagle give me this old hulk. I am sure that he must come here regularly, and I'd like to stay here for a while. Suppose you three put back into Peace Cove and then pick me up about sunset. Leave the rifle with me, and I'll be safe. And think of the chance I may have!"

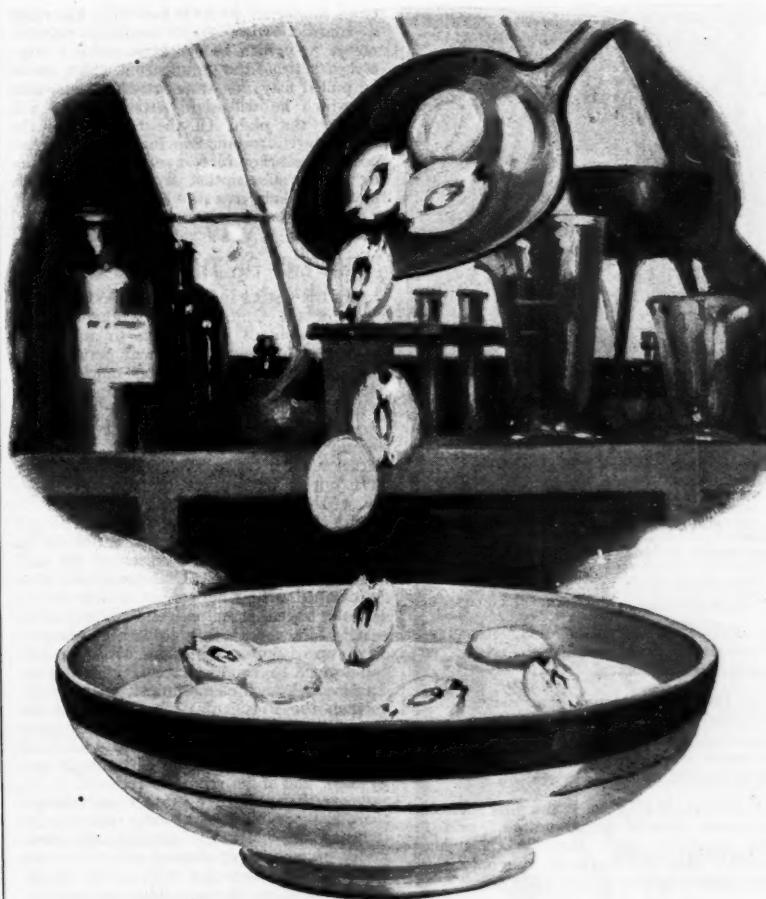
I looked to Lee to see what he thought of the plan.

"Jim oughtn't to stay alone," he said slowly; "I think I ought to stay with him, but you need me to help you with the Waban, don't you, Steve?"

I told him frankly that I did need him, especially to help me to navigate the treacherous waters that surrounded the wreck. Moreover, I could think of no definite danger in Jim's staying on the wreck. That the men who had robbed the vessel would return to it appeared to be unlikely; for what was left for them to take away? On the other hand it was reasonable to suppose that the albino eagle might return, and if it did return Jim would have the opportunity of a lifetime to get it.

Yet somehow it was not without grave misgivings that we cast off and left the younger brother waving to us from the railing of the Storm Queen. A quiet smile was lighting up his dark features.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are tidbits—delightful food confections. But also remember this:

They are scientific whole-grain foods, invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson. They are shot from guns. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

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Puffed Wheat



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These are days to serve Puffed Grains in plenty.

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers



Alfred Charles William Harmsworth,
Viscount Northcliffe

FACT AND COMMENT

THE STATE that tolerates disrespect of any law breeds defiance of all law.

Would you know the Forest's deeper Joys?
Camp beneath the Stars, which make no Noise.

A BOY CAN FIND as many reasons for buying a puppy as a man can find for keeping up his lodge dues.

IN RUSSIA it costs more than twice as much to subscribe for a magazine for two months as it does for one month. The publishers have to make allowance for the expected depreciation of the ruble.

A GOOD MANY of the most successful businesses believe in promotion," said the old citizen of Little Lot. "When a high-salaried man gets through, the only thing necessary is to hire a new office boy."

THE CHINESE are optimistic; they are going to get their present difficulties straightened out. Their total debt is considerably less than two billion dollars, which is less than five dollars per capita for the population of four hundred millions, a position that compares favorably with that of most other nations.

FOR USE in the police machine guns, the Detroit police commissioner has ordered paper bullets instead of the usual steel-jacketed kind. The paper bullets have just about the necessary speed and hardness to make a victim hunt a doctor without delay, but they will not penetrate the flesh deep enough to do vital injury.

MEMBERS of the House of Representatives in Washington by personal contribution equipped a gymnasium on the ground floor of the House Office Building. Daily after office hours many of the younger lawmakers and some of the older ones play handball, wrestle, box, punch the bags and take such other athletic exercise as serves to keep them fit.

THE INDIANS of the State of New York, of whom there are a few more than five thousand, have a legal status wholly different from that of other American Indians. By virtue of a treaty that the government made years ago with the Iroquois nation, and that is still in force, the New York Indians have, virtually, an independent state within the State of New York.

HOW THE SKYSCRAPER appears to London is evident from its new building regulations. The London County Council authorizes buildings eighty feet high and on favorable sites may permit buildings one hundred or even one hundred and forty feet high. The Woolworth Building in New York is more than seven times as high as Whitehall Court, the nearest approach to a skyscraper in London.

OBSERVING THE NICETY with which a cow licked the cotton out of a boll, an inventor got the idea of what promises to be a really successful cotton picker. His electrical cow has a rough tongue of revolving brushes, the suction of a high-powered vacuum cleaner, and a group of long, flexible necks. The machine, operated from a tractor, enables four pickers to cover eight rows at once, and to pick clean and about five times as fast as by hand.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE in Springfield, Massachusetts, wishing to have a picture of unusual excellence to advertise the

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city's municipal group of buildings, has made a contract with a distinguished painter-etcher by which he agrees to make a large etched plate of the group, from which are to be pulled fifty first-state artist's proofs, each of which he will sign. After that he will destroy the plate. Of the fifty proofs the Chamber will retain five for exhibition purposes. The other forty-five have been taken by private subscription at \$200 each, which pays the whole cost of the undertaking.

♦ ♦

THE END OF THE COAL STRIKE

AFTER lasting for twenty weeks the strike of the United Mine Workers in the bituminous mines came to an end in mid-August through agreement between the mine owners and the union officials. The strike cannot be said to have ended in a victory for either side, nor can the agreement be considered as an actual settlement of any of the points at issue. It is a truce rather than a peace, though the truce may turn out to have paved the way for something like peace in the future.

Among the terms of the agreement is one that provides for a joint committee to be named in a national convention of the coal industry on October 2. That committee is to be charged with working out a new and, it is to be hoped, a mutually satisfactory wage scale. Moreover, there is to be a commission made up of impartial persons of high public reputation, to conduct a searching inquiry into every branch of the industry. That commission the President is to appoint, if the owners and workers do not previously agree upon the persons who shall compose it. If the commission is made up of the right sort of men, and if its report is received in the right spirit by both operators and miners, there is a possibility of genuine reform in an industry on which the comfort and prosperity of our people depend, and which has hitherto been conducted with a very inadequate conception of the public responsibility that rests upon it.

So far as working conditions and wage rates go, the agreement merely restores the situation that existed when the strike began. The miners were successful in resisting any reduction in their wages, and in preserving the "check-off," whereby the union dues are held out of a worker's pay envelope and handed over by the mine company to the treasurer of the union. They have not made any progress in extending union control over the non-union mines in the West Virginia field, and in making the final settlement they retired from their position that it must be a matter of all or none, and consented to deal with merely a majority of the mine owners. When the strike began, both parties were loud in their assertion that it was to be a fight to the finish. It is an encouraging sign that both of them, owners and miners, felt the pressure of public opinion and of public need to be so strong that they dared not prolong their struggle any longer. The anthracite miners were still out on strike a week after the soft coal agreement was made at Cleveland. Every attempt to settle that quarrel has ended in failure, but it does not seem probable that public opinion, acting through the government, will permit the mines to remain idle all winter.

♦ ♦

FLYING LIKE THE BIRDS

FROM Gersfeld in Germany come reports of some very remarkable performances in gliders, or motorless planes. One of the aviators, a man named Hentzen, is said to have taken off from a cliff on Mount Wasserkuppe and then to have soared and glided about over the flying field, rising or falling at will, but keeping at an average height of six hundred feet for two hours. Another student, Martens, remained in the air more than an hour. At the same time the gliding contests at Clermont-Ferrand in France produced no aviator who could keep his glider aloft for more than a few minutes at a time.

The conditions at Gersfeld were exceptionally good, for there was plenty of wind, yet not too much,—from ten to twenty miles an hour,—and the configuration of the country produces continually rising currents of air that are favorable for sailing. The success of Hentzen and Martens is owing not so much to any mechanical improvement in their gliding planes as to a more careful study of air currents and of the way to make use of them. It is this kind of knowledge that the birds possess instinctively. There is nothing miraculous about the flight of the gull or the

albatross as it sails along on outspread motionless wings. The secret lies wholly in the instant detection of useful air currents and the exact disposition of the wing surfaces to take advantage of the rising or falling current. Darius Green was not a fool to think that man could fly in this fashion; but he was foolish to try to fly without first finding just how the trick is turned.

But flying in a motorless plane is nervous work, as Herr Martens tells us. You have nothing but the invisible air to keep you up; no engine drives you forward. You must study every inequality in the ground beneath you, and be on the *qui vive* for any shift or change in the puff of wind on which you are riding. No doubt the aviator will come in time to an instinctive, reflex response to every variation in the movement of the air, but gliding is not a business to go to sleep over.

The practical results of the Gersfeld experiments may or may not be important. They do point to the possibility of a useful airplane with a very light engine—if the pilot is a skillful student of air currents. Whether gliding will ever be practiced except under special conditions, and more for amusement than utility, is a question not so easily answered. We may look forward, however, to some exploits more remarkable than those of Hentzen and Martens as gliding machines are improved and flyers become more at ease in them.

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BRAINS AND EMOTIONS

"HIS heart is better than his head" is the not unkindly comment often made about a person; and a good many people have derived unconsciously the idea that between head and heart there is a certain antithesis—that the nourishing of one is likely to be accompanied by the starving of the other. People who are called overeducated or too sophisticated seem living demonstrations of the truth of this notion; for along with their intellectual cultivation has come a definite impoverishment of sympathy and kindness of heart. Yet with such people the trouble is really not excess of education but rather perversions of education, the adoption of a wrong point of view and the pursuit of aims that are inconsistent with the possession of a right point of view. And the minds of the overeducated and ultrasophisticated persons are usually not, in spite of their show quality, so good as one who makes their acquaintance for the first time is likely to assume.

Soundness of heart and soundness of head nearly always go together. If your heart is really good, your head probably isn't very bad. Of course some muddle-headed persons are good of heart; but most muddle-headed persons are just as defective in human sympathy and in depth and warmth of feeling as they are deficient in understanding. The tragedy of Russia is the tragedy of the muddleheads; the cruelty of the Bolsheviks illustrates the kind of heart that is usually to be found in conjunction with the muddlehead. It is indeed rare that persons of unsound views of life, unsound attitude toward society, reveal any deep and warm affection or show a normal emotional response to the joys and sufferings of others.

Head and heart must both be sound, but their temperature need not be the same. A cool head and a warm heart make the best combination. Lincoln as much as any man in history exemplifies the perfect adjustment. Hot-headed people are likely to be warm-hearted; but sometimes we see a hot-headed person who is cold-hearted, and the spectacle causes in us discomfort or disgust or wrath, according to the exhibition that he gives. Wilhelm Hohenzollern is the supreme example of the type.

Brains should be used to govern the expression of emotions, but not to suppress emotions. And emotions are useful to brains, for they stimulate them and give vividness and vigor to ideas.

♦ ♦

SCAMPING THE WORK

WHEN a great catastrophe occurs, that results in loss of life and the injury of many people, it is usually owing to the fact that some one scamped his work. A building collapses, and people are killed: was the engineer who designed it careless, or did the contractor supply defective materials, or was the building inspector lax and easy-going? Perhaps all three were to blame. A train crashes into the rear of another train that has been stopped, and people are killed: did the engineer disregard signals, or did the signalman fail to set them? A factory burns

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down, and people are killed: why had not the building been condemned as a fire trap long ago? Scamping the work is often too late followed by an inquiry to fix the blame.

Lack of imagination on the part of those who are responsible for such dire calamities may be the contributory cause. People who are engaged in routine work of a somewhat commonplace character are likely not to realize how vitally important to other people the conscientious performance of their tasks may be. It is not that they are callous and indifferent to the fate of the unknown persons who may suffer from their carelessness; they do not visualize the consequences of their carelessness. Of course, the management of industries and railways and other concerns in which the carelessness of employees may be costly try to prevent the possibility of error by a system of checks upon the work of each person. But sometimes even that system fails. The education of every person to a sense of his individual responsibility might be and should be carried farther than it now is.

♦ ♦

THE COMING CROPS

ONE possible obstacle to economic recovery seems to have been overcome: we are not to be hampered by lack of food for man and beast. Abundant crops are almost assured. Unless bad weather or a plague of insects interferes there will be a "bumper crop" of almost every one of the great food staples. The yield of corn will be enormous, little if any below the best; wheat will be fully up to the average in quantity. Potatoes of both kinds will be as plentiful as they ever have been, and there will be twice as many barrels of apples as there were last year.

Nature has been kind to our animal friends too, for never in any other year have so many tons of hay been cut, and there will be a good crop of oats, though not quite up to the average; but there are still many million bushels of last year's crop of oats on hand.

Abundance of supply means reasonable prices. The high cost of living is assailed at its most vulnerable point when the price of food comes down. Unless some weakness of economic law is discovered of which even economists are not aware, the reduction in the cost of food will inevitably be followed by lower prices for other things the cost of which has hindered the recovery of industry and commerce. Moreover, there will be not only enough for ourselves but great surplus for export, the demand for which will serve to steady prices and prevent them from falling so low that the very abundance of the crops will bring disaster to the farmers.

After all, this is an agricultural country, in the sense that without our enormous production of food and cotton we could not be also a great manufacturing country. It would be impossible for us to prosper as greatly as we do and shall if, like Great Britain, we had to import our food. Even our abounding mineral resources would not save us. So it is still true, as it was in all the years before the remarkable growth of manufacturing took place, that the foundation and strength of our economic structure rests upon the farms.

♦ ♦

HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS

THE course of business in this country has invariably been a wavelike progression from boom to depression, from depression to boom, and so back and forth in a rhythm that is singularly even. So long as man remains a speculative and impressionable creature, something of the kind is inevitable. When the chances for profit present themselves every business man is eager to get his share, and he extends his affairs so as to get it as liberally and as promptly as possible. When unfavorable conditions arise, often as a result of the high prices and rising cost of business that boom times cause, everyone loses confidence at once, and the structure of production and trade comes down with a crash. The whole process is the result of psychological rather than economic causes, and if it were generally so recognized it would be more easily corrected.

We are now beginning to pass out of a period of depression that followed closely on one of the most extraordinary periods of expansion that the country has ever known. A good many men, in business of one kind or another, who have found the experience of coasting rapidly down the hill of prices an unpleasant one, are in a hurry to get the movement of prices swinging upward again. It will turn in that direction sooner or later, but there is danger in getting it under way

too rapidly and encouraging it to climb too fast. Some business men are not averse to the ups and downs of industry and trade because they believe themselves shrewd enough to make more in times of expansion than they lose in times of depression; but what they make by the swing of prices some one else loses, and that some one is the community. Times of general speculation, of extravagance and excitement, are not good for the community, and times of want and unemployment are as bad or worse. One intoxicates men, the other discourages them; both unsettle them. It would be fortunate for the country if we could have half a century of business growth, slow, steady and healthy, instead of another hectic rise and fall of our national temperature; but we can have it only if our people stop thinking about forcing prices up and refrain from eager speculation when the business curve is clearly on the ascendant. Action and reaction are always equal. We cannot stay on the peaks of stimulated business all the time, and we can avoid the disagreeable plunge into the valleys of loss and depression only by keeping deliberately away from the peaks.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

WE have in this country no one who owns so many newspapers as the late Lord Northcliffe owned. In several of the great cities there are groups of daily journals under one management, but only a few of them are owned by one man. Lord Northcliffe was reputed to be the sole owner, as he was certainly the sole responsible general manager, of scores of publications. He controlled not only the London Times but other daily newspapers of various kinds; those that appeal to the people who care for nothing but the results of sports, as well as those that appeal to the intelligent and influential. Moreover, he conducted pictorial weeklies, magazines and children's publications.

The English people will be greatly interested in watching the future of the unprecedented number of periodicals that Lord Northcliffe owned; but it is an even more interesting study to observe how he used his power, and how far he accomplished what he aimed at.

All those who have analyzed the character of Lord Northcliffe have agreed that the desire for power was his dominating passion. Having full control of the most potent and reputable organ of British public opinion, he aspired to guide and instruct the government and, if it did not accept his views and follow his advice, to overthrow it. He certainly did, almost single-handed, expose the mistakes of Lord Kitchener and cause him to be superseded as the military director of the war. The overthrow of Mr. Asquith and the creation of the Lloyd George government were chiefly his work. But in both instances he only anticipated; he succeeded because the facts were on his side and because he was right in believing that the changes he demanded were for the good of the country. The people and the politicians, however little they liked his dominating temper and his methods, were convinced that what he proposed was expedient, and they took his advice.

But it was then that he revealed his weakness. Whatever may have been his provocation, after his quarrel with Mr. Lloyd George he used all the power of the Times to discredit the Lloyd George government, to defeat its measures and to prove that the premier whom he had done more than anyone else to place at the head of affairs was incompetent. He deluded himself, though perhaps it was his purpose to delude only the people, into believing that he had succeeded. For two or three years the Times has been almost constantly predicting the downfall of the ministry, yet the ministry still stands. To be sure, it has suffered losses, but not more than any government is likely to suffer after five or six years of controversy—a period at least twice as long as coalition governments usually survive.

In considering the power of the press, it is a striking fact that Lord Northcliffe, the journalist who had more power than any other member of his profession ever had, went to his grave with such a failure on the last page of his record. The press is not all-powerful, not powerful at all when moved by spite. Even when the press of a community is united on a public question it does not always succeed in guiding public opinion. More than once in this country when all the supposedly influential newspapers of a state or a city have been unanimous in urging that a certain candidate for office was unworthy the man has nevertheless been elected.

Burke called the Press the Fourth Estate, the others being Lords Spiritual, Lords Temporal and Commons. In a republic we cannot assign to it so definite a place in the direction of affairs. We know its power, but we know also the limits of that power.



CURRENT EVENTS

THE Post Office Department is considering—with every probability of adopting it—a new set of designs for our postage stamps. It is intended to make the differences in design and color among the several denominations more marked, both for the convenience of the post-office people and for the revenue of the government. At present all the stamps from one cent up to seven bear the likeness of Washington, and those above seven cents bear that of Franklin. The Postmaster-General says that it is very difficult for the clerks to distinguish among the different values, especially when they work by artificial light, and that it is consequently hard to detect underpaid mail. We may look forward then to less of Washington and Franklin and more of our other national worthies on our letters and in our stamp albums.

IRELAND, which is proverbially pursued by political misfortune, suffered a fresh blow in the death of Arthur Griffith. The first president of the Irish Free State had none of the volatility that is supposed to characterize the Irish temperament. He was rather cold and reserved in manner, and more distinguished for hard sense and persistence than for eloquence and personal magnetism. But he was a warm lover of his country and of his people, and he thought no sacrifice too great to offer them. Without his wise and tolerant counsel the treaty of London could hardly have been negotiated. The confidence that Irishmen had in his judgment and intelligence accounts in large measure for the quick acceptance of the treaty by the great majority of the nation.

MOSCOW reports that Enver Pasha was killed recently in a skirmish between some of his Tatar followers and a soviet force. If the news is true, the last of the Young Turk leaders who led Turkey into the Great War as an ally of the kaiser's has gone to his account. Enver was a more dashing and interesting character than either Djemal or Talaat, who were sordid, cruel rascals.

THE action of the Senate in putting into the tariff bill a provision giving the President a limited power to change the tariff duties agreed upon is an admission that in this time of economic maladjustment it is not possible to tell exactly how tariffs will work, or how long they will work in a particular way. It may be an admission also that the Senators and the Representatives in Congress have put certain rates and certain duties into the bill to please their constituents, although they are themselves apprehensive of their effect on the welfare of the community at large. According to a disposition that is becoming a little too common with our Congresses they are ready to hand over to the President a part of their own responsibility. The tariff bill passed the Senate with only one Republican vote—that of Senator Borah—recorded against it. Three Democrats voted for it.

THE trial of the Social Revolutionaries at Moscow ended with the sentencing of twelve of them to death. But the tribunal declared itself ready to suspend the sentence if the accused persons would agree to cease public agitation against the soviet government. Most, if not all, of the condemned men and women would give no such promise. They were ready enough to support the soviet government against foreign interference, but they declared they could not in conscience keep silence when they believed the Communist dictatorship was ruining their country. It remains to see whether the soviets will actually confer the distinction of martyrdom on these apostles of democracy, or find some ingenious way of escaping from that

necessity. The execution of the Social Revolutionaries would injure the standing of the soviet government abroad, especially among those elements who are at present most nearly in sympathy with it.

ACCORDING to late reports from China the typhoon that swept the coast of the Formosa Strait between Hongkong and Amoy early in August was one of the most terrible natural disasters of which there is any record. The storm was at its worst in the neighborhood of Swatow, a port at the mouth of the Han River from which there is a good deal of foreign trade. The frightful force of the wind and a tremendous tidal wave that followed it destroyed nearly the entire city and scores of villages clustered round the harbor and along the coast. Several ocean steamers were carried inshore and stranded far inland. A dispatch from Hongkong says that almost one hundred thousand persons lost their lives. Many of them were caught on the small junks and river craft that were their only homes. All the crops over a wide area were destroyed.

CORK has suffered more than Dublin from the terrors of the Irish civil war. The rebel forces were a long time in control of the city, and were dislodged with no little difficulty. Fires broke out in all parts of the city during the fighting, and it is said that the property loss is not less than ten million dollars. The advance of the Free State troops through Southern Ireland was uninterrupted after the fall of Cork, and on August 18 the capture of Mallow turned the irregulars out of the last place of importance that they had occupied.

THE one thing that is sure about Sun Yat-sen, late president of the republic of South China, is that the forces with which he tried to get back into Canton were soundly beaten by General Chen. One report concerning Sun himself is that he is suffering from a serious form of brain trouble. Another is that he has decided to give up the struggle against the Peking government and act with General Wu and President Li for a unified China.

RECENTLY The Companion told of the sale of the most valuable postage stamp in the world; it brought \$32,000. It was part of the wonderful collection of the late Baron la Renotière von Ferrary. The collection, which is worth several million dollars, is being gradually dispersed by auction sale at Paris. Among the stamps that bring high prices are some of the "postmasters' provisionals" that were used at local offices in the United States before the national government began to print stamps. The only known specimen of a Boscawen, New Hampshire, provisional was sold for \$10,137, and the single copy of a Lockport, New York, provisional brought \$8,019. A Baltimore postmaster's stamp sold for \$6,415, and one from Alexandria, Virginia, for the same sum. A number of others, including some rare Confederate "provisionals," went at prices not much lower.

THE Russian government has established a government lottery to raise funds for relieving the famine sufferers. The winner of the first prize will receive 30,000,000 rubles, which, at the moment of writing, are worth about \$7500. There will be 3,000,000 tickets at 500,000 rubles each. The class in arithmetic may calculate the number of paper rubles that will be raised.

THE coal miners under their president, Mr. Lewis, have traveled far from the position their organization took during the strike of 1902, when the late John Mitchell was at its head. Mr. Mitchell from the beginning announced his willingness to have any and all of the questions at issue arbitrated. He recognized the interest of the public in the quarrel, and throughout the negotiations at Washington he kept a cool and sober head. It is fair to say that by his attitude he got for the miners the larger share of public sympathy. Mr. Lewis regards the whole affair as a dispute between mine owners and miners, in which he will brook no interference by public or governmental authority. Nothing is to be arbitrated. Whenever the two parties cannot by themselves agree on wage scales, there will be no coal. Twenty years ago the operators thought the supply of coal to the country their own private affair. Today the miners take the same position. Between the two rest of us are likely to fare badly.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE FAMILY PLAYS HIDE AND SEEK

By Helen F. Orton

WHO would like to help husk corn tomorrow?" asked Farmer Hill one autumn afternoon.

Each of the guests at the farm—Uncle Ralph and Aunt Mary, Sue and John, and even little Bobby and Betty—said, "I!"

So the next day all of them went down to the bright, rustling cornfield.

The field was covered with corn shocks that looked like long rows of brown tents. What fine hiding places they would make, the children thought!

"Let's play hide and seek," Bobby said to Betty, and so they left the corn husking to their elders and began a merry game.

After they had played for a while Bobby said to himself: "This time Betty won't be able to find me. I'm going into a corn tent instead of behind it."

So when his little sister hid her face he ran over to the edge of the field, crawled under a rail fence and hid in a large shock of corn in the neighboring field.

Betty finished counting fifty and began her search. From his brown tent Bobby could see her running round the other field. "She'll never find me," thought Bobby, "but by and by I'll jump up and whoop to her."

It was very snug there in his hiding place. The ground was warm, and the dry blades of the corn rustled. He could hear the laughter of the huskers in the other field.

Through a hole in his "tent" he saw a red-headed woodpecker tapping briskly on the trunk of a near-by tree. Presently a chipmunk went scurrying along the top of the fence. After the chipmunk was gone a pair of crows alighted on the same rail and cried, "Caw, caw!"

Bobby had never seen wild creatures so close; he was greatly interested. "I wonder what will come next?" he thought.

A flock of small sparrows came next; they sat in a row on the fence chirping loudly. As Bobby gazed at them they seemed to run together, and became one long line. Bobby blinked. "First 'twas ten little birds, and now it's one long bird," he said drowsily.

Meanwhile Betty had given up her search and was trying so hard to husk a large ear of corn that she had forgotten all about Bobby. After a while the sun went down, and the huskers, tired but happy, trudged back to the house. When they were nearly home Sue said, "Why, where is Bobby?"

"That's so," John answered. "The little rascal didn't do a bit of husking."

"I husked eight whole ears," Betty said proudly.

"But where's Bobby?" Aunt Mary asked anxiously. "Betty, do you know?"

"No, mother," said little Betty. "He was playing hide and seek with me, and he hid so hard I couldn't find him."

"Well," said Uncle Ralph, "we'll have to find him now."

He went back toward the cornfield, calling Bobby's name. The others followed. When no Bobby answered they began to search the field for him; led by Betty they looked behind all the shocks of corn.

"Bobby! Bobby!" Uncle Ralph called again and again.

"Robert, it's supper time!" called Aunt Mary.

Sue and John too went searching and calling, and little Betty kept shrilling, like a small cricket amid the brown corn, "Bobby! Bob-bee!"

But no Bobby could they find. The sun had gone down, and dusk had begun to fall; some of the searchers went back to the fence that divided the two cornfields. She and Betty stayed behind.

After a while the moon came up and made everything bright. Uncle Ralph went round and round the field peering into the shocks of corn, and Betty paddled after him. The family were beginning to be worried.

At length Betty found herself beside the fence that divided the two cornfields. She was so little that she scarcely had to stoop to go under the bottom rail.

"I'll look around in this field," she said. She went poking round in the strange field

FIRE! FIRE!

*Who was it rang with iron clang
The bell within the steeple
And spread alarm to every farm
And woke the village people?*

*That joke was tried by Abner
Pryde;
But, oh, the end was dire!
The crafty scamp sat on his lamp
And set his clothes afire!*



BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

*Their hearts afame, the neighbors
came
To rescue home or hutes—
With pails and kegs. Some came
on legs
And some on sticks or crutches.*

*But just before the courthouse door
We met the frightened plotter.
"Help! Quick!" he cried. "It's Abner
Pryde!
My pants is getting hotter!"*



*As down he ran, the luckless man,
His trousers all asmoulder,
The firemen of "Dauntless 10"
Were up—and none are bolder.*

*Then every male plied can and pail
In valiant emulation;
To save the wreck we strove to check
The raging conflagration.*



*From south and north they hurried
forth
In nondescript apparel;
From house and inn they ran with din
And bucket, tub and barrel;*

*Amid the shout of all about
And barks of Trays and Trowsers,
We splashed him, plump, beneath the
pump,
And rescued Abner's trousers.*



*While out as one, with sword and gun,
Our brave militia tumbled
To humble low whatever Joe
Required to be humbled.*

*The trousers' seat with stitches neat
Aunt Emmie deftly mended;
Then you and I went home to dry—
And so the tale is ended.*

in the moonlight, peering as she went into one rustling corn shock after another. From the other side of the fence came the voices of Sue and of Farmer Hill, who had come to join the search.

Presently Bobby, sleeping away under the biggest corn shock of all, heard far off in his dreams, "Bobby! Bob-bee!"

He waked and stirred. "Oh, yes," he thought as the call came again. "I was playing hide and seek with Betty, so I was."

Then he lifted up his voice. "Ready!" he called in a loud clear tone.

With a dive Betty plunged into the corn shock. "I've found you!" she shouted. "I beat all the rest."

The other searchers came hurrying to the fence. "Where is he?" they cried.

"Here he is, and he's it!" Betty said.

Farmer Hill jumped over the fence and in a minute more had pulled blinking Bobby out of his hiding place.

Bobby gazed from one to the other. "How did it get dark?" he asked in amazement.

"The sun went down," said Betty seriously. "That's how. And now we can play hide and seek in the moonlight."

But Uncle Ralph said there had been enough hide and seek for one evening. He shouted to Aunt Mary and John that the search was over; then he lifted Bobby to his shoulder, and Farmer Hill picked up little

Betty, and the hide-and-seekers slowly made their way home through the moonlight.

"My, but that was a good hiding place!" Bobby said sleepily from his father's arms.

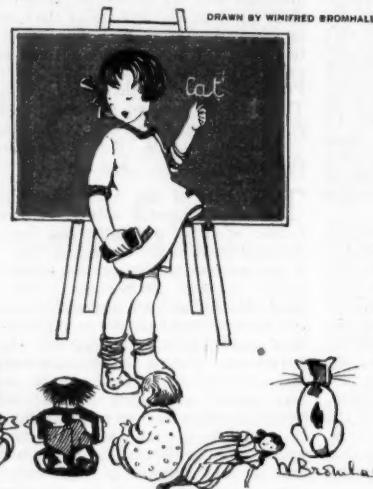
Betty was nodding over Farmer Hill's shoulder, but she heard him. "I found you all the same!" she said.

And five minutes after they had had their supper both of them were fast asleep in their beds.

THE CROSS-BOUGH RACE

By David E. Clark

FRIENDS, I am glad to see so many of you gathered here to watch our yearly cross-bough race. I am proud to have been chosen as judge, and I am pleased to find so many squirrels ready to try their skill."



SCHOOL

By Anne Madison

*There was just one single scholar
Who knew that simple word!
The Chinese girl just shook her head;
The Jap boy never stirred;
The two American children
Both had to let it pass.
'Twas poor uneducated puss
That went to the head of the class!*



The speaker was a handsome big gray squirrel who was seated on the lowest bough of a chestnut tree.

As the judge finished his speech the large crowd of squirrels and other woods dwellers began to talk excitedly about the coming race.

The judge signaled for quiet. "The race, as you know," he went on, "is to be from this cedar stump to the top of the chestnut tree, thence to the foot of the tall pine at the corner of Farmer Benton's meadow, then back to the top of this tree and down to the stump. The whole distance must be covered without once touching the ground, which means that you must jump from tree to tree. Fallen trees and bushes may not be used, though you may run along the top of rail fences. Remember: no running on the ground. Be sure that Officer Spry at the pine tree gets your name before you start back. In three minutes the race will begin."

The cross-bough race was a yearly autumn event, and a greater crowd than usual had gathered this time. Even the birds had come in great throngs. They enjoyed the race more than any of the others, for they could fly above the runners and see the whole of it. There were many rabbits present too, as well as chipmunks and other animals. Twelve squirrels had entered, for the race. A flutter of excitement ran through the throng when word went round that Frisky, the winner last year, and Dandy, who had won the year before, were both to run again. The prize was well worth winning. It was a large acorn cup from the shop of Nibbler & Son, highly polished and skillfully gnawed in a striking design, and mounted on a base of bark. Besides that, a deep pocket of nuts in the chestnut tree also went to the winner. At noon the contestants drew up in line.

The starter, a large raccoon, took his place with an important air. "On your mark!" he cried, as he flourished a dry twig. "Set! Go!"

At the last word he snapped the twig, crack! And up the trunk of the tall chestnut and helter-skelter out on the branches went the eager squirrels.

Frisky and Dandy soon left the others behind. They knew by experience how to make long leaps from tree to tree, but the other squirrels, who had had less practice, had to go by a more roundabout way, down one tree, along the top of the fence and up another tree.

Such scratching and rustling never was heard! The leaves were all a quiver.

One little squirrel, Chatterer, almost whimpered, he was so eager to run, though he was the last in the line.

The birds who flew overhead long remembered that race. One moment Dandy would be in the lead, the next moment he would run back a few feet to get a good start for a big leap. As he ran back, Frisky would sail right over him and gain the next tree. The other squirrels followed at top speed.

Once Frisky grazed the very tip end of a bough at which he jumped, but he managed to catch hold of the leaves and to draw himself, scrambling and clutching, up to the body of the bough. Just as he got his balance Dandy leaped over his head; but an instant later Frisky was again in the lead.

"Hurrah for Frisky!" "Come on, Dandy! Hurry! Hurry!" the crows called as they flapped overhead. Some rabbits scurried along the ground and paused from time to time to watch the race.

The two leaders reached the turning point almost neck and neck, though Dandy was perhaps a quarter of an inch ahead. Giving their names to Officer Spry, they wheeled and started back. They almost collided with some of the other squirrels who were still racing headlong for the first goal.

Among them was Chatterer, who passed Dandy and Frisky like a spinning ball.

"Hey, Chatterer, was the weather good yesterday, when you started?" Dandy called to him. "See you tomorrow, Chatterer!" Frisky sang out as he sped past.

By the time Chatterer and the other contestants had made the first goal and turned for the race back, Dandy and Frisky were almost out of sight.

The two gained a big oak at the same moment and made a flying leap for a tall maple. This time it was Dandy who miscalculated. He jumped too short and landed on a little aspen that stood between the two other trees.

Frisky saw his mishap and gave a squeak of triumph; that fall would set his rival back a good deal. Dandy, scrambling to the top of the aspen and grumbling to himself, heard the squeak and was filled with rage. "Chr-r-r!" he scolded shrilly. "I'll get you for that!"

Frisky gave his tail a scornful flick; but he knew that Dandy was in dead earnest. "All right," he shrilled back. "Come and get me!"

Then the race became wild indeed; the branches fairly quivered with the mad running and jumping of Frisky and Dandy. Frisky kept in the lead for a while, but he could hear Dandy gaining. "Dandy's angry clear through," thought Frisky. "I believe he wants to give me a nip." He hurried faster than ever. "Good!" he said to himself presently. "Here's an elm so full of leaves that it will hide me well."

He did not stop to observe that the elm stood at the end of a line of trees; his only idea was to get away from Dandy's wrath. With a spring he bounded into the tree, and with a thump Dandy was after him.

Well, the long and short of it is, those two squirrels had carelessly got themselves into a pretty fix. The instant they landed in the tree they realized it. It was impossible to go any farther, for there were no trees ahead of them; there were no rail fences in sight, either. They were completely trapped! Dandy and Frisky sat on the same limb and panted and scolded shrilly at each other.

Overhead the crows and jays were screaming, "Hurry, hurry!" Then, as if the same thought had struck them at the same instant, the two squirrels turned and fled down through the tree, across a few yards of ground and up the tree they had just left. The next moment they were bounding and crashing along the course. They must win that race, rules or no rules.

"There's still no chance for anyone but us," each one was thinking as he sped.

A minute later two gray objects crashed into the branches of the chestnut tree, shot down along the trunk, and came to a halt at the bottom.

Frisky was half a nose ahead of Dandy.

"Beat you!" he cried noisily. "And it serves you right."

Then he stopped short, for there, with his tail curled carelessly over the cedar stump, sat Chatterer! The birds were flapping and crying more noisily than ever, and all the woods people were cheering.

Dandy and Frisky gazed at Chatterer; then they turned and gazed at each other. "Well, sir-ee!" they said in solemn duet.

Θ Θ

THE RUNAWAY BEAVERS

By Ellen Miller Donaldson

ONCE, many moons ago, a number of beavers came to the shore of a mountain lake and set to work to make themselves a home. The lake was called Shining Water. It was a very beautiful spot. Graceful birches, fragrant balsams and slender pines were all round; bright-colored fishes swam happily through the water, and the birds sang all day long, and far away upon the other shore of the lake the smoke of an Indian camp rose in the still air.

At sunset time of the first day all the beavers, old and young, set to work. The first thing to do was to cut down enough trees to build a dam. They gnawed away long and patiently, and after the trees fell they trimmed the branches away and cut the trunks into logs. Then, toiling earnestly, they took the logs down into the water, joined them together with mud and earth, and so made a solid dam.

Then, using branches of trees and sticks, they built their houses and covered them with a thick plaster of mud. Next they stored away under the water a food supply of wood and twigs.

When the beavers had finished the dam and the cozy warm houses, the older ones went back to their former homes and left the young beavers to take care of themselves. All through the summer the young ones lived a care-free life. They splashed in the clear water and feasted on sweet lily roots and juicy twigs; they sat on the dam in the moonlight and talked together. When the cold

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

weather came they went into the shelter of their houses.

Many moons came and went, and the beaver colony grew larger and larger until there were grandfather and grandmother beavers and father and mother beavers and children beavers of all sizes and ages.

One night when the moon of falling leaves was riding the sky the king of the colony called all the beavers together from far and near.

"It is time for us to be getting ready for the long cold winter when we must live under the ice," he said. Then he gave each beaver a task to do.

Some of the beavers were to repair the houses; others were to make the dam secure. There would be work enough for all.

The beaver king took his seat on a rock to keep guard. If he should hear an enemy creeping near, he would splash the water meaningly with his broad, flat tail, and all the workers would immediately leave what they were doing and dive into their homes.

Now, in the colony there were three lazy beavers. When they saw that the time had come to go to work they said to one another, "Let's run away and stay in the big friendly woods where we shall not need to work. There we can play all day and sleep all night."

So they skulked out of sight for many hours, and then at daybreak, leaving their busy comrades, they swam far along the shore of the lake and scrambled into the deep woods.

"We'll live here until the snow comes," they said, "and then we'll go to our home."

All day long they played and were happy. When night fell they crawled into a hollow tree that grew beside the lake. The hollow was half full of dry leaves, and so the beavers had a comfortable bed.

But a gray wolf had been watching the beavers. After the three runaways were fast asleep the wolf came over to the hollow tree.

"I will keep guard all night," he said, "and in the morning when the beavers come out I will catch them."

So all night long the wolf kept guard beside the tree.

When the beavers waked at dawn and peered out they were greatly frightened. There was nothing for them to do but to stay on in the tree. There they stayed, very miserable, all day long, while the hungry wolf kept guard.

"If only we had not come away from home!" they said.

By the time the second night came the wolf was so tired that he fell asleep before he knew it.

The beavers were very quiet, but they were wide awake. When they saw the wolf sleeping soundly, they set to work to carry out a plan that they had made in the night. The plan was to gnaw a hole in the other side of the tree and creep through it while the wolf was asleep.

Slowly and softly they worked, each beaver taking his turn. As they worked they forgot that they had ever been lazy. The gray wolf slept on and did not hear them. At last the hole was large enough. The three beavers crept noiselessly through it and went hurrying home as fast as they could go.

When the wolf awoke and found them gone he was astonished and cross. Then he found the little hole in the back of the tree and knew what had happened.

As for the beavers, they were so thankful to get back alive to Shining Water that they went humbly and industriously to work. "Our own home is the best," they said as they toiled.

Θ Θ

THE GREAT BIG CREATURE

By Beatrice Laxon Sweet

*A small girl tripped her toe and fell,
And as she lay there crying
She heard a tiny, tearful voice
As soft as fairy's sighing*

*And saw two frightened beetle babes
Bemoaning to each other:
"That great big creature fell on us,
And, oh, we can't find mother!"*

*And then a louder voice exclaimed:
"I've lost my son and daughter
And had my velvet bonnet spoiled
With showers of hot salt water!"*

*The great big creature dried her eyes
And begged the beetles' pardon,
Jumped up and with a merry laugh
Ran gayly up the garden.*



"Gee, it's good to be home again!"

AFTER your visit to grandma's, the old home looks pretty good, doesn't it?

And Mother and Dad are glad to have you home again, too.

Seems as if you'd never get through talking about your vacation—the fun you had—and the "eats"—Oh Boy!

But best of all was your morning cup of Postum, for Grandma knows what's good for growing boys and girls.

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THE THRESHER

By Gertrude West



*All the stars had melted to a silver band
Like a circle gleaming on a shadowed hand;
Things took shape a dusky blur; kitchenward
began a stir;
Squatted shocks seemed waiting on the stubble
land.
With the thrill of things in store, waked you to
the day;
When the thresher whistled it was on its way.*

*Keyed in tune and eager, how your heart beat
high!
Mother smelled of spices as she passed you by.
Long and white the table spread—golden pies
and snowy bread.
Yellow fields and listless leaves and heat-blue
sky.
Father raised a warning hand. "Hark," you heard
him say.
Then the thresher whistled it was on its way.*

*Like a blade it cut the air, sharply calling; then
Sheathed itself in silence but to sound again.
Wheels awoke upon the road; dust in murk-
gray spirals flowed;
Wide grain wagons, single file; shouting came
the men;
And a bustle stirred through all the heat-bright
day
When the thresher whistled it was on its way.*

*Came a gush of sooty smoke from the farthest
hill,
And your heart beat faster with a wilder thrill.
Clanking, huge and engine led, sun-caught stack-
er, glowing red.
Came the keenest blast of all, heralding and
shriek:
"Gleaner, garnerer am I; king of all today."
So the thresher whistled it was on its way.*

CREAKING WHEELS OR LIVING FOUNTAINS

NOW, my boy, what can I do for you?" the pastor asked kindly. The young man looked down somewhat shamefacedly. Then he said quickly, "You know I'm president of the Christian Endeavor Society; well, ever since I was elected we have had so much trouble getting leaders. Everyone seems to want some one else to do the work. And they all seem to expect so much from me that I'm becoming discouraged."

"Listen, Fred," said the pastor. "On the farm where I spent my vacation last summer there was a windmill that was used for pumping water for the stock in the back pasture. Evidently the machinery hadn't been oiled for some time, for on the evening of my arrival I could distinctly hear it creaking and groaning and complaining. The next day I went to it and was astonished to see the small amount of water that was flowing into the tank; in spite of all the noise that the mill was making there was just a tiny intermittent stream."

"Just behind the house was a spring that gushed out clear and cold from among the rocks at the base of a high hill. It supplied the milk house near at hand, provided running water for the bath and for the kitchen, watered the garden in time of drought and was a blessing in a score of other ways. Yet there was no creaking; it did not complain; it did not call attention to the work that it was doing. And, Fred, those two agencies represent two classes of people that are to be found in every church. There are some people who are always complaining about the service that they are asked to render. They measure duty, not by Christ's standard, but by the standard of what others do. Now and then they bring up a little water, but they make so much noise about it that in the confusion we frequently lose sight of the work that they do."

"On the other hand, there are persons whose service is spontaneous and generous. They utter no complaint; they call no undue attention to their work; they give their money and their talents alike cheerfully and gladly. Apparently they never think of themselves. They are like the living fountain; they overflow in consecration and devotion and bring spiritual refreshment and strength to all who come into contact with them. They are the joy of every pastor's heart; they are also the joy of their Master's heart. Which class will you be in, Fred?"

"Thank you, Dr. Rolfe," said the young man as he pressed the pastor's hand. "I'm ashamed of myself. After this I will always try to be like the living fountain."

I HAD RATHER NOT KNOW

BUT, Marian," protested her Sunday-school teacher, "do you mean to tell me that you are not even willing to read the book? So long as you girls were little and your mothers bought your clothes I thought that I ought merely to tell you that the birds had to suffer and die to make trimmings for your hats; but now that you are all older it is your duty to read, no matter how painful the reading may be. Why, my dear, if you knew how some of those

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

poor little birds are tortured just to make you pretty girls a little prettier, I'm sure you never again would buy their feathers!"

Marian made a little grimace. "And there, my darling Miss Eunice," she said, "you have put the whole matter into a nutshell. I'm so afraid that the book would affect me as you say that I wouldn't read it for the world! When I see an especially bewitching feather turban I don't want to know of all the horrors that went into its making."

The next day Tom, Marian's brother, stopped at the door of the library. "By the way, sis," he said casually, "I wouldn't go out to the country club with Miss Dennis again if I were you. She's not your sort. You understand?"

"Well, no, I don't, fortunately," Marian retorted carelessly. "Belle Dennis has a nice little roadster, and she can afford to take anyone she likes to tea at the club. I didn't suppose any gentleman went around talking behind girls' backs. How's that, Tom?"

"That's all very well," Tom replied with some heat, "but when a girl like Miss Dennis is running around with my kid sister—I could tell you stories about that girl, Marian."

"Well, for pity's sake, don't! I like Belle Dennis, and I'd rather not know."

In exasperation Tom turned to the other person in the room. "Can you beat that, Aunt Sally?" he cried. "If she doesn't know a thing, she thinks it can't affect her. Regular old ostrich!"

"Or a Brahman? Doubtless Marian would agree with the one I heard about the other day."

"A Brahman? How in the world am I like one of those old heathen?"

Aunt Sally laughed. "I was thinking of a story that a missionary wrote to me a while ago. It seems that some people here at home had sent him a beautiful microscope in a box of supplies for his school; so he thought he would amuse and instruct some of his Hindu friends. They were fascinated with most of the things that they saw through the microscope, but when he put a drop of drinking water under the lens they were horrified, for they saw that it was swarming with animacules. Their religion strictly forbids them to take life, and the microscope showed them that they were doing it.

The next day one of the Brahmins came to the missionary and asked whether he could buy the microscope. My friend consented, but what was his astonishment to see the man take the glass out into the courtyard as soon as he had bought it and bashed it into pieces with a rock! Then, clasping his hands with delight, he exclaimed: "Now I shall have peace again!"

"Am I like that, Aunt Sally?" asked Marian slowly.

"It certainly looks so, my dear. But breaking the microscope, you must remember, doesn't break the truth!"

CAMEL, DONKEY AND BEAR

SIR GEORGE ARTHUR'S recent Life of Lord Kitchener is a chronicle of the achievements of a great and exceedingly hard-working soldier, whose exploits, even his hair-raising personal adventures, are related with the sobriety and restraint of which he himself would have approved. Rarely indeed is there a glimmer of fun—and then it is evoked, not by men, but by animals. It would be hard to relate gravely the episode of the pet bear cub that for a short time was young Lieutenant Kitchener's housemate in Cyprus.

The creature did not indeed belong to him, but to another young subaltern, with whom he had set up housekeeping—Lord John Kennedy, "a high-spirited, horse-loving, dare-devil boy" who held a commission in the Cyprus police. The two were congenial, for Kitchener was an admirable rider, loved horses and treasured proudly all his life the silver cup that in those early days he won in a steeplechase at the Nikosia race meeting. Nor did he object to his friend's bear; nor the bear to him. Unfortunately, on bruin's part familiarity, if it did not breed contempt, led to unwarrantable liberties. One hot evening when Kitchener's bath had been prepared the idea of a cool plunge appealed irresistibly to an unnoticed but deeply interested onlooker at the preparations, sweating in his heavy black pelt. The bear took the plunge and, scrambling out again, added to his crime by retiring to the outraged lieutenant's bed to dry himself. After that he was banished.

In Egypt and Syria Kitchener of necessity became well acquainted with the erratic psychology of the camel and soon came to share Kipling's derogatory opinion of that indispensable but unlovable animal, which the poet describes as "a devil an' an ostrich an' an orphan child in one."

"My report will show how the work was done," wrote Kitchener after two months' toil in the Sinai Peninsula, "and if you measure the distance I had to go I think you will find I got over as much ground as a camel would allow. They are bad beasts for surveying. I used to keep mine at a good trot for a bit until he got cross, which he showed by roaring and then suddenly shutting up all four legs and coming with a thud on the ground, at the same moment springing up again and dashing off in an opposite direction! Continued correction merely caused him to collapse again and then roll, which was decidedly uncomfortable. I don't think I have ever done such hard work as I had up that Wadi Araba from Akabah to the Dead Sea."

A bucking broncho is trying enough, but a bucking camel must certainly have been worse. With the donkey, that other faithful servant of man in desert regions, Kitchener became equally

and less disagreeably well acquainted. He respected the little beast's patience and endurance and on one occasion turned it to ingenious use. During one of his earlier Egyptian campaigns it became exceedingly desirable to transport to a distant spot a large quantity of telegraph wire, which the enemy had torn down and left in disorder on the ground; but no suitable transport was available. At the critical moment Kitchener came along and learned of the trouble.

"I don't see any difficulty whatever," he said. A donkey was standing near by; he looked about, found a piece of old sacking, wrapped it protectively round the creature's body and then, picking up an end of telegraph wire, began to wind it round the living reel. The donkey may have been astonished, but it did not object. A hundred other donkeys were hastily procured and wound with the wire—and one more problem of transportation was solved.

fastened a small wad of inflammable lint that was blazing merrily away; the spectacle reminded me somewhat of Caligula's evenings "at home" or a Sioux Indian's idea of entertaining a captive. After the needles had become red-hot the doctor deftly withdrew them one by one with a pair of tweezers; then, having received thirty-five cents for his—and Ah Chow's—pains, he departed.

"How do you feel?" I asked the patient.

"Pretty soon I think maybe I can feel pretty good," Ah Chow replied hopefully.

That night I gave him some soda and ten grains of quinine, and by morning the needles had worked a complete cure.



MR. PEASLEE ON CARELESS CHARITY

HEARING an unwanted barking and snarling in Caleb Peaslee's yard, Deacon Hyne made as much haste toward it as an elderly man with a rheumatic knee can make. He found Mr. Peaslee surrounded and harassed by a multitude of dogs—at least, to the deacon's peace-loving eyes it looked like a multitude. "What on earth, Caleb?"

"On account of the rats," Caleb interrupted him sharply. "It's got to the point where either we've got to move out or else the rats have. They're increasing like rabbits, seems to me, and traps don't thin

"On account of the rats," Caleb interrupted him sharply. "It's got to the point where either we've got to move out or else the rats have. They're increasing like rabbits, seems to me, and traps don't thin

"The deacon looked at the surging mass of dogs. "I don't see many amongst 'em that I'd pick to be ratters," he remarked disparagingly. "That brindled one over there looks big enough and able enough to pull down an ox; and that black-and-white one that just run betwixt your feet and like to have thrown you is near as big as a colt. Seems to me the folks that read your notice didn't show any great judgment in answerin' it. Those dogs are all too big for ratters."

Mr. Peaslee nodded ruefully. "But they showed as much judgment as I did," he admitted with a crestfallen air. "I'd ought to have known it would be like this if I advertised. The ordinary person thinks anything will do when you advertise; you just notice sometime."

"How many of 'em do you make the count to be?" asked the deacon.

"There's fourteen of 'em here in the yard," Caleb replied. "It looks more like forty, I know, but that's on account of their shifting round so lively. And there's another one tied in the barn; that makes fifteen."

"I'm as good at figgers as that myself," said the deacon.

"It kind of puts me in mind," said Caleb, ignoring the deacon's irony, "of one time the minister give out in church about a des'te family over Bank's Holler way. There was a bedrid father and the mother and seven daughters, so the minister said, and, while they could make out to git 'nough to eat, they hadn't anything to wear and couldn't afford to buy."

"Now," says he, "I'm makin' this appeal to the men members of the congregation; the women have been called on enough in the way of donation parties, and most of the work in charity falls on them anyway. Let the men come forward and do their best to relieve this needy family, bearing in mind that winter is approachin' and that they must be clothed in some way."

"He talked along for a spell mighty movin' and told what he knew about the condition of the family, talkin' all the time to the men; and I'm free to say that I for one was about ready to give away anything I owned in the way of clothes, and that my wife didn't forbid me givin'. I figured I'd pick up some few things what times I could ketch her out of the house, and say nothin' to her about it; there'd be less argument over what I could spare and what I couldn't."

"The minister had sat the comin' Thursday for us all to meet at the house in Bank's Holler and lay our offerin's out in the shed; so when I drove up to the back door I wa'n't surprised to see eight or ten horses hitched round the place and about as many men gathered round the yard; and whilst I was makin' my hoss fast to a cherry tree I noticed that the gatherin' seemed considerably tickled over something. However, I thought nothin' much about it and went round to the tail of the wagon and began to haul out the truck I'd fetched. The fust thing I got hold of was a heavy blue overcoat that I'd worn for mebbe five years; and when I hauled that out in sight Cyrus Ladd, that was standin' right handy to me, snickered right out and turned to Salem Osgood. 'What'd I tell you, Salem?' he says. And Salem began to laugh, too, though I didn't see anything yet to laugh over."

"But when I'd got my arms full of clothes and got to the shed door I could see plain enough, and I was ready to laugh too. I didn't need what Cyrus had to say to make things plain to me. 'I venture to say, Caleb,' says he, 'that you didn't consult your wife over what you should bring now, did ye?' And I had to own up I hadn't."

"Well," he says, "it was the same way with the

RELIKS FROM EARLY BABYLONIA

IMPORTANT antiquarian discoveries have recently been made in Babylonia. Dr. H. R. Hall of the British Museum, who was at the head of the work of excavation, describes in the Illustrated London News a few of the finds, some of which are supposed to date back to a period perhaps 3500 B.C.

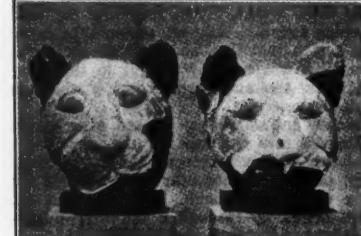
At Tell el-Obeid, Dr. Hall writes, we found

fragments of aragonite vases and small objects of *lapis lazuli* and shell; we found innumerable little copper nails, some with gold heads and one of solid gold; we found sickles—possibly votive, possibly intended for actual use—of hard vitrified pottery and strange objects like bent nails of the same substance; but above all we found numberless fragments of the remarkable painted pottery vases that recent research has shown to be typical of the ceramic art of that part of the world at the dawn of civilization when copper and stone were still used side by side, in the chalcolithic or aeneolithic age, which in Babylonia we must date before 3500 B.C. The geometric and naturalistic patterns of the pottery are remarkable.

The most important of all our discoveries was also made at Tell el-Obeid. Heaped near the wall of a small shrine of the goddess Damkina, of a period approximately 3000 B.C., were the rude fore parts and heads of four life-sized copper lions with eyes of red jasper, white shell and blue schist, with tongues of red jasper and teeth of shell; near by were two copper panther or cat heads, also life size, a smaller lion head, two small copper bulls about the size of greyhounds and a great copper relief eight feet long by



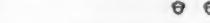
An example of Sumerian sculpture about fifty-one hundred years old



Panther heads; copper with a clay core

three feet six inches high with the figure of Ningirsu, the lion-headed vulture of the god Ningirsu, holding two stags by their tails.

With those things we discovered a golden bull's horn, mosaic pillars made of tesserae of red and black stone and mother-of-pearl, fastened with copper wire into bitumen laid over a wooden core, and rosettes of pottery, with petals of red, white and black stone for inserting into walls. The finds are among the most important ever dug up in Babylonia.



AH CHOW'S HEADACHE

CHINESE doctors have a drastic way of treating a headache. Their idea, we learn from Mr. Harold Speakman's book, Beyond Shanghai, is to get the patient's mind off the internal pain. And we don't doubt that they always succeed—if they do to people in general what one of them did to Ah Chow.

My interpreter Ah Chow, says Mr. Speakman, had a severe headache. On returning from a walk I found him on his bed with an unknown begoggled person bending over him and with half a dozen little lights like small Christmas candles sticking out of each face!

"What's all this?" I asked in amazement.

"Headache make go away; take needle cure," Ah Chow replied peacefully.

I examined his decorations. Two firmly planted needles were sticking out of each temple; two were solidly embedded in the middle of his forehead; and three were sticking out of each eyebrow. On the protruding end of each needle was

rest of us, leavin' out Amos Baker; we all figured this was a man's donation party, and we took no counsel, each coming to the same conclusion sep'rately. And the net result, he says, lookin' at a slip of paper he had in his hand, 'is that we've got twenty-two men's overcoats, fifteen pairs of overalls, thirty-four coats and about the same of vests, and over forty pairs of pants; and one dress and one cloak, which Amos Baker fetched on account of his wife advisin' him to take something a woman could wear. She pointed out with some degree of reason," Cyrus went on to say, 'that a man bedfawt wouldn't have any great use for an overcoat and that women wouldn't have any more use than he would. And if we'd all done as Amos did,' Cyrus says, lookin' stiddy at us and reddin' up some, 'we'd have showed more sense.'

"Whilst Cyrus was talkin' I'd done some thinkin', and by the time he'd got through I'd got into my pocket and fetched out my calfskin and got a five-dollar bill out; and when the rest of 'em saw that in my hand there was a gen'ral pullin' out of wallets, and Cyrus pulled off his hat and went round the circle. And when he dumped the hat onto the shed floor there was risin' seventy dollars in the heap.

"There!" says he, wipin' his face and gatherin' the money up. 'I'm willin' and thankful to pay my part of that to realize how little judgment I've got in some things and how much I'm dependent on my wife's sense.'

"Now," he says, 'we'll load these things back into our wagons and take 'em back home; and I'll hand this money to the minister and let him give it over to the women-folks of this fam'ly to buy women's clothes with—not men's.'

"But," he says, kind of grinnin', 'before he fetches a cent of this he's got to answer me one question man fashion: whether he figured out beforehand how we'd act in pickin' out fittin' things, and if he figured we'd be willing to pay money to have nothin' said about it!'

"And it turned out afterwards," said Caleb, "that the minister grinned and owned up hand-some. He was an awful smart minister," Caleb added thoughtfully.

♦ ♦

WHEN GAUCHOS CAST THEIR BOLAS

OFF Rio Grande do Sul the breeze had stiffened to a gale, and in its mists and dirt and spume the bark Marian Woodside lay under topsails. Just in what direction port lay her captain did not know; for a full day and night sun and stars had been hidden, and two days previously a light fog had settled on the horizon so that he had had to navigate by dead reckoning. The bark was carrying all the canvas that she dared carry, for she was deeply loaded, and her main deck was partly flooded.

That was the condition of the Marian Woodside when night came down black with rain, and the gale increased in violence. The sea rose and battered and slammed the bark about. Spray shot up to the foreyard. White-crested rollers broke on her foredeck, and once she shipped an ugly wall of water over the topgallant forecastle. During the middle watch she struck something, caromed off of it and lurched heavily. Her lee bilge cushioned in a pocket of sand, and for a few minutes she stuck there.

Something crashed forward. The topgallant mast came down. The water broke with angry strength over her foredeck. There was the harsh tearing of woodwork. "Starting to break up," said the mate. "We'd better order our funerals."

The stern, dropping into a trough, bumped momentarily and then settled. The bow swerved, and the bark stood dead before the gale. Loosening herself from the grip of the sand bank, she shot away at great speed. In her mad race her forefoot grounded. She swung round, settled badly and then lay beam on to the sea. The crew took to the rigging. How many lost their lives at that time is not known. With daylight those in the rigging saw a sandy shore less than a mile away; huge combers were raking the beach.

All day, all night and all the next day and still another night and day the gale continued. By that time there were only six of the crew alive; three were clinging in the main rigging, and three, including the mate, were in the mizzen rigging. They were weak with exposure and lack of food and believed that their only salvation was to plunge into the boiling sea and try to reach the beach. Stripping off their oilskins, sea boots and clothes, each strapped on life belts.

They all managed to swim the mile to the shore, but none could make a landing, for, though the combers would carry them high up the beach, they would also carry them back before they could get their footing. Suddenly each man found himself encircled by a rope, as if it were the tentacles of an octopus. Gauchos—South American cowboys—appearing suddenly, had cast their bolas. In a few moments they had hauled the sailors to safety.

♦ ♦

BREAKING INTO YELLOWSTONE

ROLLING up to Yellowstone Park in an observation car is vastly different—to state the matter mildly—from riding up during the early spring on the huge rotary snowplough that breaks the seal of snow that keeps the road blanketed all winter under six-foot drifts. Mr. Eye Powell, writing in *Travel*, describes how the plough "breaks in."

The snow fight, he says, commenced mildly enough as the train started up the cañon through

which the Warm River flows; at the rate of fifteen miles an hour the plough forged ahead through comparatively light snow. The ice was off the stream, which flowed between drifted banks, and the water was so clear that you could see the bottom. The exhaust of the plough was turned toward the river, and tons of snow in huge balls were bombarding the surface.

"That'll wake them up," remarked a railway official.

"Wake up what?"

"Um, trout, big fat ones!"

The grade became sharper, and soon as the train wound its way up the side the snow from the plough had to drop one hundred feet. The drifts had piled to greater depths, and progress became slower. The light-running sputter from the rotary engine changed to a labored *chuf-chuf-chuf* like the noise of a freight engine pulling a heavy load uphill.

Near the top of the cañon is a tunnel, and at the entrance to it we came to a stop. "Rock on the track," explained the brakeman as he started forward. Resting in the snow in front of the blades of the big fan was a boulder some three feet in diameter and large enough to strip every blade from the plough if it had gone a few feet farther.

While the snow fighters were straining at the rock the superintendent came up. "Stop for us on the other side of the tunnel," he ordered and led the way over the crusted snow to the opposite side of the mountain spur that the tunnel pierced. There the drifts almost blocked the passage; only a tiny black arch appeared above the snow, which must have been more than fifteen feet deep. "Watch that drift when the plough comes through," said the superintendent as a succession of crashes told us that the rock had gone down the mountain side. In a minute dense black smoke began to curl from the opening of the tunnel.

"Nosing up against it," explained one of the men. "Lots of people think that these ploughs dash into drifts. All rot! Can't do it. You'd shear off every blade in the fan. Have to bore into 'em."

The smoke belched out a cloud. As the cutter gathered speed the faint sound that we had heard at first became a roar, and then the plough broke through. In a flash the enormous mass of snow shifted to the stream at the bottom of the cañon. The appearance of the plough as it drove its way through the drift reminded you of some prehistoric animal emerging in mighty wrath from its cave. Clouds of black smoke surrounded the engine; white steam roared from the escape; and the rest of the train followed like the body of a mammoth snake.

♦ ♦

BOOTS TO THE NEEDIEST

IF, as Mr. Washington B. Vanderlip suggests in Asia, the shabby dress of the Russian of today is a mere pose assumed for political effect, it serves its purpose well. So far as I could determine, says Mr. Vanderlip, the communists are genuinely unconcerned with externals. It was only by strategy that I succeeded in bestowing a gift on Santeri Nuorteva, of the Moscow foreign office, who, coming with a trunk full of clothes from the Soviet Bureau in New York, had promptly given them all away. We were traveling to Petrograd together, and I had observed the contrast between my boots and his; my own were a twenty-dollar pair not long out of an American store, and his were an ancient makeshift pair with heels gone and soles gaping. He had just finished proving rather brilliantly that Russian industry surely would recover after trade with the Allies resumed, when suddenly he leaned forward and stroked my boots. "Shall we ever be able to buy things like those in Russia, I wonder?" he said abruptly.

I began to unlace my boots. He looked alarmed. "Try them on and wear them if they fit," I said; "I have another pair, and besides I'm leaving Russia."

He protested and said that his own boots were good enough; indeed they were better than his neighbors.

I walked to the window of the car and dangled the American boots outside. "Either the next peasant who walks along the right of way gets them, or you get them," I said.

At my words he yielded; his worn boots really were uncomfortable. "Wait," he said shyly. "I'll take them back to the Foreign Office, and everybody there will match sore feet."

♦ ♦

AN ABSENT-MINDED LAWYER

A PROMINENT and successful lawyer in Virginia afforded his friends much amusement by his absent-mindedness. On reaching the courthouse one morning he failed to find his eyeglasses in their accustomed pocket. He searched hurriedly and then as best he could without them wrote to his wife: "Please send my eyeglasses by bearer. I think I left them on the table in living room."

He called a messenger, handed the note to him and gave him directions how to deliver it. Turning away, still feeling in his pockets, he found the glasses, which he had overlooked in his haste. He hastily recalled the boy and, adjusting his glasses, took the note and added, "Have just found my glasses in another pocket." Then he handed the note back to the messenger and said, "Lose no time; see Mrs. Anderson herself and wait for package; bring to me here and ask for Mr. Anderson at the door."

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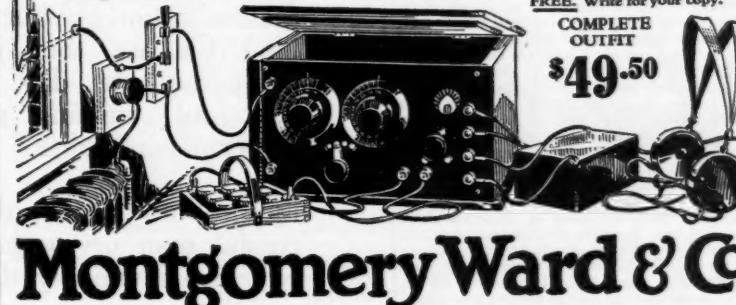


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AN OLD-TIME DAIRY FARM

THE old-time dairy farm was a picturesque place, especially when butter was being made. The late John Burroughs in the story of his boyhood in Harper's Magazine gives an interesting account of butter making on the farm that his father owned in the Catskill Mountains.

At eight o'clock every morning in summer, he says, the old sheep or the old dog was brought in and tied in the big treadmill of the churning machine. Sheep were usually more unwilling churners than dogs; they rarely acquired any sense of duty or of obedience as a dog did. The endless walking and arriving nowhere soon made them protest vigorously. Sometimes a sheep would pull back, brace himself and choke, thereby stopping the machine; and once a sheep threw himself off the treadmill and choked to death before he was discovered. I remember when the old hatchet from the day of flax dressing did duty behind the old churning and spurred him on with its score or more of sharp teeth whenever he settled back to stop the machine. "Run and start the old sheep," was a command we heard less often after the hatchet was in use.

The churn dog was less obdurate and perverse than the sheep, but he would sometimes hide away as the hour of churning approached, and we would have to hustle round to find him. But we had one dog that seemed to like the task and would go quickly to the wheel and finish his work without being tied. A few times when neither dog nor sheep was available I have taken their place on the treadmill. In winter and in early spring there was less cream to churn than at other times, and we did it by hand; two of us would lift the dasher together. The work was hard even for big boys, and sometimes when the butter would not come until the end of an hour the task would try our patience.

I never grew tired of seeing mother lift the great masses of golden butter from the churn with her ladle and pile them up in the big butter bowl, with the drops of buttermilk standing upon them as if they were sweating from the ordeal they had been through. Then when the butter had been worked and washed to free it from the milk and at last was packed into tub or firkin, what a picture it was! How much of the virtue of the farm went each year into those firkins! Literally the cream of the land. Ah, the alchemy of life that by means of the bee can change one product of those wild, rough fields into honey, and by means of the cow can change another into milk!



THE SECONDHAND BARRAGE

DUMPING refuse from a bridge is at best a poor way of getting rid of it. This amusing experience, which Mr. Lewis R. Freeman had on the Columbia River, and which he narrates in his book, *Down the Columbia*, shows only one of many reasons against the practice.

A long and lofty highway bridge below Wenatchee, Washington, is occasionally used as a dumping place. One day when Mr. Freeman's boat was approaching it the men were at work, though he did not perceive them until the swift current had carried him so near the midstream piers that he could not safely alter the course.

It would, he writes, have been a rare chance to renew our outfit, only most of the waste articles were speeding too rapidly at the end of their hundred-foot drop to make them entirely acceptable. "Low bridge!" I shouted to my friend Roos and swung on my oars, yelling at every stroke in the hope that the busy dumpers might stay their murderous hands at the last moment. It was a vain hope.

The Imshallah floated down on the oil-slicked stream. The men above must have had some kind of slaughterhouse-dumping contract; the boat got some of the grease and also a trailing length of burlap, and a bag of cinders, which burst when it struck my shoulder. The only article of value that we received was a shaving brush that fell into Roos's lap. He felt sure that the men had thrown it away by mistake, for it had real camel's-hair bristles; he liked it better than his own after the ashes had worked out of it. But things might have been a good deal worse back there at the bridge. I only heard the splash of the wash boiler that struck just ahead of us, but I saw the sewing machine that grazed our stern!



HOW TO PLANT PEPPER

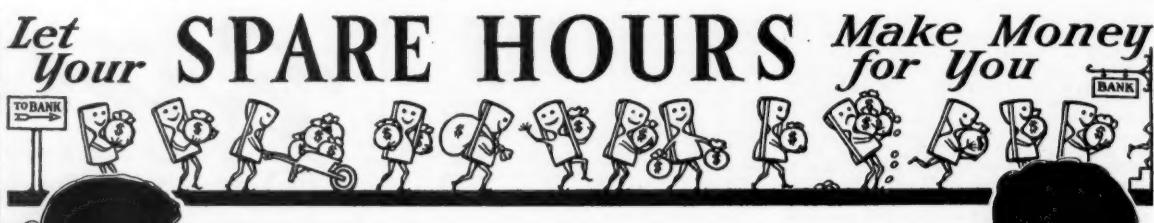
ONE warm day in spring Silas Sutton and his wife Harriet were planting their garden. He was covering the seeds with a hoe as she dropped them into the furrows. "And now I'm ready to plant the red pepper," she said.

"Well, how're ye goin' to plant it?" asked Silas. "Ye know it won't come up if ye're not as mad as hops when ye plant it."

"Yes, that's so; I was just a thinkin' about it. What can I do to make myself mad?"

Silas stood in thought for a moment; then, striding quickly to his wife's side, he stuck her with a pin. The next instant he was fleeing across the garden, and Harriet was in hot pursuit with a hoe. He got over the fence just in time to avoid the blow that she aimed at him.

Then as they both stood panting he said, "Now I think you're mad enough to plant the pepper; so if ye'll not dig me with that hoe, I'll come back in and go on with the work of gardening."



"Tell me how you use your spare time, and I will tell you what you are" is a new turn which might well be given to an old phrase.



What are your spare hours bringing you? Are they contributing anything toward your education, your advancement in business, or the realization of your ambitions in life? Or are they just slipping away day after day, year in and year out, yielding you nothing of permanent value?

Inquire into the record of any successful man or woman and you will find invariably that an overpowering purpose coupled with intelligent use of spare time brought achievement. Spare hours were made stepping-stones to success.

The same process is going on today. A young man in one of the mountain states of the Northwest, by devoting the few hours he could spare from his studies earned enough to make possible another year at the State University. And the present school year was paid for by the same spare time work.

A Southern school-teacher, though handicapped by poor health, in

a few short months has earned enough for the much needed repairing and remodeling of her home, and will have sufficient left over to pay several heavy doctor's bills that were troubling her. Now she is happy and proposes to add regularly to her income by investing her spare time in the same profitable way.

These are but two of thousands of similar successes. Money earned through spare time effort has been used in as many different ways as there were individual needs—new books, better clothes for those who would be well dressed, funds for new homes, much needed additions to family incomes, home furnishings, indulgence of pet hobbies, or for extra spending money.

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LITTLE MEN

THE word "dwarf" carries an undeserved stigma, for except for height and weight many dwarfs are perfectly normal both in form and in intellect. To distinguish between a small person and a dwarf is hard. Anyone below three feet in height certainly is abnormal; perhaps three feet six inches should mark the small man from the dwarf.

Folklore and tradition include many references to races of pygmies, the pygmies that Homer and Herodotus have described as well as the fairies, gnomes, elves and other little folk of song and story. People today regard them as being mythical, but Stanley's discovery of a race of pygmies in Africa proves that the tradition is based on fact. Small races of that sort are probably the result of inbreeding, which, aided perhaps by insufficient food and unhygienic surroundings, is known to cause animals to decrease in size. In our large cities we see examples of inbreeding in certain groups of our foreign population who live in colonies.

Just what causes sporadic cases of dwarfism like Gen. Tom Thumb, Commodore Nutt, and other celebrities of a former generation is not known; probably the cause is some deficiency in the secretion of the pituitary or some other gland. In another form of dwarfism—that which is associated with idiocy, and which is known as cretinism—the cause is deficiency in the secretion of the thyroid gland. In some cases dwarfism is congenital; in some it is owing to arrested growth.

Besides the ordinary dwarf and the idiot there is another form, which is owing to arrested growth of the bones of the extremities and of the face. With persons of that sort the legs and the arms are short, but the bones are thick in proportion to their length and usually are more or less bowed; the head, however, is large, for the growth of the bones of the skull is not arrested. Fortunately, the muscular system is well developed.

Unlike giants, dwarfs are usually long-lived—at least they do not die early merely because they are dwarfs. As yet no treatment is known for undervized children except feeding with thyroid and pituitary gland extracts. In the case of cretins the thyroid extract, if the use of it is begun early, will effect a cure.

THE THIEF

IT has been moved and seconded," Joyce Killets announced, "that this class, which we all know is the finest class that ever entered Shrewsbury School, raise a two-thousand-dollar loan fund to be used for the benefit of girls who need assistance. I believe that the matter is so important that we should hear from every girl. Therefore, I am going to ask each of you in turn to give your opinion. The plan will mean much sacrifice for some of us. Are we wise to undertake it? You first, Jane Carruthers."

Jane was enthusiastic. So were the three girls who spoke after her. The fifth speaker thought that the sum suggested was too large; but the sixth lightly proposed that they raise not two but five thousand dollars. "I'll pledge a thousand dollars from father," she promised them.

There was swift applause, which subsided quickly as the president named the next girl. Mary Cromwell's face was white as she rose; it was evident that what she was going to say called for all her courage. "Perhaps I am wrong," she began slowly, "but I believe that, if this is truly to be our gift, it should be only what we ourselves can give. We should not solicit contributions. That might mean less money, but it seems to me that the spirit of our giving would be greater if the poor girls, of whom I am one, could know that they had had a good share in it."

"Madge Durkee," said the president.

Madge was already on her feet. Her eyes were flashing; her voice was full of indignation. "I think, Madam President, that Miss Cromwell's point of view is entirely wrong. I can't see why it is not as much our gift if we get other people interested enough to contribute as it would be if we stood behind a counter to earn all the money ourselves. I think we should make this fund just as large as we possibly can!"

THE COMPANION FOR ALL THE FAMILY

There was a burst of applause; and, although the matter was tabled for further consideration, no one doubted that Madge had "swung the meeting."

Half an hour later, flushed and excited, she reached her room. "Why, France!" she cried. "What's the matter?"

Frances Carroll pushed aside her unopened books and turned a troubled face to her roommate. "Madge," she cried, "why are you so unfair to Mary Cromwell?"

"I'm not unfair. She's so everlastingly narrow she just makes me want to smash things."

"You are unfair," Frances insisted. "You make the girls feel that she is stingy when she is undoubtedly one of the finest real givers that we have."

"She gave only five dollars to the Christmas fund."

"And you gave fifty, half of which was borrowed from me and half begged from home. Mary went without new shoes to give hers."

"France Carroll! I never thought—"

"Don't!" Frances pleaded. "You know I'd lend you a thousand and love to do it. But, oh, my dear, don't you see? You are getting your reputation on borrowed things and robbing Mary by making her seem stingy. Don't you see, dear?"

There was a long silence. Madge broke it at last. "Yes, I see," she said slowly.



STONE DRILLING AS A SPORT

STONE-DRILLING contests are a popular form of sport in the mining regions of the Basque provinces of Spain. The games, says Mr. Harry A. McBride in the National Geographic Magazine, are the occasion for great festivities.

All work ceases; the contestants are received and feasted with acclaim; and the entire population turns out to witness the event. The central plaza is roped off, and two great blocks of stone, each with eight rings marked on the surface to indicate where the holes are to be drilled, are set up in the centre. The contests last two hours, and the winner is he who has either bored all eight holes or come the nearest to doing so.

The *barrenadores*, or stone drillers, stand upright on the blocks of stone and place their heels together, so that their bare feet form a right angle close to one of the markings on the rock. The heavy iron bars in their powerful hands must rise and fall between their feet. Each stroke deepens the hole, but the slightest deviation in aim would surely cripple a foot. Each contestant chooses a friend or two to act as coaches. These "godfathers," as they are called, stand near their champion and move their bodies up and down like pump handles; the movement serves to regulate the strokes of the steel bar. The "godfathers" signal each blow with a "Haup—haup!" They tire sooner than the *barrenadores* themselves tire and have to be replaced several times during the monotonous two hours.

Enthusiasm is at a high pitch during the last quarter of an hour, and when the end comes friends of the winner carry him on their shoulders to a nearby tavern. The loser slinks off alone probably never to return to his village, where yesterday he may have been the most popular inhabitant.



A WATCH OF THE REVOLUTION

WHEN I was a little girl almost fifty years ago, writes a contributor, one of my first memories was of sitting on my grandfather's knee, looking at his large old-fashioned watch. I would hold it on my two hands and look at myself in the bright silver case; and when I grew tired of looking at it he would put it into one of the upper pockets of his waistcoat, and I would lay my head on the watch to hear it tick. Then he would tell me this story:

At the outbreak of the war for independence his father, who was an Irishman and a Virginian, joined the Continental army. During a skirmish near the coast the British captured him and three of his comrades and, putting them on board a vessel that lay at anchor perhaps four miles from shore, told them that they should be hanged the next morning. For a while in the evening they were allowed to walk about on deck. The British officers, thinking that the prisoners were secure enough, talked freely in front of them.

My great-grandfather and a companion decided they might as well risk drowning as to be hanged by the redcoats; so, seizing a favorable chance, they dropped overboard and started to swim ashore. After swimming for some time my great-grandfather, who had become separated from his comrade, finally landed on a deserted part of the coast, and after drying his clothes, which he had tied on his back, started inland. But he soon found that he had landed in hostile territory. After hiding all day, he was forced by hunger to walk to the outskirts of a large plantation where, creeping up to the cabin of a negro, he asked an old mammy for something to eat. She hid him while she made some coffee and corn bread; and when he had eaten she gave him all the food she had left and told him as best she could how to reach his friends.

He traveled all night and hid the next day. About ten o'clock the following night he came to a tavern where some British officers were drinking and carousing. Taking one of their horses and riding almost all night, he finally

reached a camp of Continental soldiers. They took him to the captain. On hearing his story the captain sent him to General Washington.

In due time my great-grandfather arrived at Washington's headquarters. Washington listened attentively to what my great-grandfather had to say—especially to what he had heard on board the ship. Then the general asked him his name and where he lived. On being told, Washington thanked him and said he would not forget the service he had rendered his country.

After the war when Washington had been elected President he sent my great-grandfather the watch with "G. W. to W. C." engraved on the inside.



THE NEGRO AND THE MULE

A READER on a Southern plantation sends us this amusing story of an encounter between a negro boy and a lively mule.

The boy, whose name was Jim, was the helper at the barn and in the culinary department—"killinary," he called it, thinking doubtless of the part he played in dressing fowls. He had the negro's usual "hankerin' after de mule," and his chief interest was in colts, especially in the young mules that he was charged regularly to feed and water. He wanted so much to ride one of those "two-year-olds" that, as he expressed it, "his mouth fairly watered, and he could most taste it." Often he could be seen petting and caressing one of them and inveigling him near the fence, from the vantage ground of which he would cautiously and tentatively ease one leg out over the colt's back to see how he would act. We watched with amused interest and almost bated breath.

One day we noticed the imprint of Jim's full-length figure in the mud near the horse trough. On searching we found him shamefacedly drying himself by the kitchen stove and trying to get the mud from his clothes and out of his kinky hair. "What's the matter, Jim? Did the mule throw you?" we asked, not for information or rhetorical effect, but to get Jim's version of what had happened.

"No, sir, boss, he didn't zackly throw me. He des up an' do lak he gwine to coff, but he didn't."



A SNAKE ON THE OIL PAN

FROM a Companion subscriber in Kansas we get this extraordinary anecdote: Two men who were motoring in Chase County, came upon a large bull snake that was curled in the warm sunshine in the middle of the road. The automobile passed directly over the snake, and then the men decided to stop and kill it. But quick as a flash it crawled under the car and, raising its head, looked for a place in which to conceal itself.

There was a hole in the oil pan under the vehicle, and in less time than it takes to tell of it the snake had wriggled into the opening. Though the creature was between six and seven feet long it coiled its big glistening body on the pan and lay there snugly.

Finding that they could not dislodge their unwelcome passenger, the men went on to town. But when they arrived there they still faced the problem how to get the snake out; for, though the snake drew much attention, no one seemed willing to bother it.

There happened to be a carnival company in town; so the men drove over to the tents and hunted up the manager, who offered to buy the snake. Calling his lady snake charmer, he asked her to fish the creature out, and with some difficulty she dragged it out and put it into the cage of snakes that belonged to the company. The bull snake was the largest snake in the cage.



WHAT KIND OF BLOOD?

THE students at the medical school were having an oral examination. The serum of a frog, says Mr. Ramsay Colles in Castle and Court House, had been put upon the slide of a microscope, and each student was to declare what it was.

The first student successfully pronounced the object to be "the blood of a frog." On leaving the room, he managed to convey the information to a fellow student who was far from bright.

Meanwhile the professor had removed the slide and had substituted a slide bearing a drop of his own blood. The second student in his turn easily identified it as blood.

"What kind of blood?" asked the professor. "I think, sir, it's the blood of a reptile!" was the quick reply.



THE YOUNG IN HEART

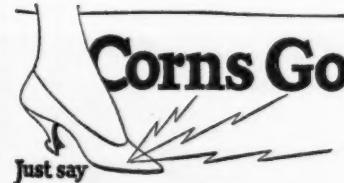
THE little girl was crossing the ocean with her mother. One day she had been playing merrily at shuffleboard with a middle-aged gentleman who had made her acquaintance, and who took a great deal of pleasure in teaching her the game.

Her mother, coming in search of her, found her just as she had stopped playing. "What have you been doing, my dear?" asked the mother.

"I've been playing with that young man over there," the little girl replied.

The mother looked across at the middle-aged gentleman and smiled. "How do you know when people are young?" she asked.

"Oh," replied the little girl confidently, "young people are those that have a good time!"



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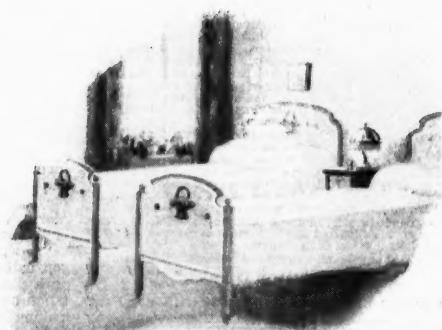
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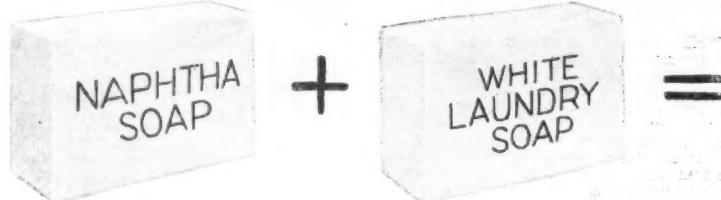
If you will make sure that your maid uses P and G The White Naphtha Soap for your tumblers and sherbet glasses, for service and dinner plates, for meat platters and for all the table silver, you should never find grease-traces or soapy streaks on them. They will gleam and glisten even in soft candle-light.

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